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Court of the Lions, Alhambra, Spain.

The feeling of astonishment excited on first entering the Alhambra, and crossing the court of the great lion with its quantity of flowers and orange trees, is mingled with admiration and delight on beholding the palace-region of the Lions and its splendid halls. A spacious oblong court, exceeding a hundred feet in length by half as many wide, it is environed with a noble sweep of colonnades seven feet broad and ten at each of the ends. Two elegant pavilions at the extremities project into the court, which is lined with exquisite tiles, extending five feet from the ground, curiously inwrought in blue and yellow. Both above and below runs a border of escutcheons of blue and gold enamel, bearing the old Arabic inscription, "There is no conqueror but God." The columns supporting the corridors and roof are slight and delicate, the arcades adorned with a fanciful display of arabesques, knots and festoons of flowers. They are about nine feet in height, taking the base and capital, and irregularly disposed; its general, two together.—The arches above in the usual horse-shoe form are four feet in the larger, and three in the lesser spaces.—The ceiling of the portico is a splendid exhibition of the elaborate genius and intricate combinations of Moslem art. The stucco ornaments are laid on with unrivalled skill; the delicacy with which it is treated in the handling of the ceiling boasting intricate beauties altogether inimitable. The cornices are of various design, richly decorated; but in the infinite diversity of its fulinges and grotesques, there is remarked not the slightest imitation of animal life. The arabesque

Round the sides of solid white marble, richly carved and festooned, appear among others the following mottoes:—

"Reveal thou how the waters flow copiously as the Nile."

"Thus resembles one washing over its shores, threatening shipwreck to the mariner."

"The water runs so abundantly to give drink to the lions."

"Terrible as the lion is our king in the day of battle."

"The Nile gives glory to the king, and the lofty mountains proclaim it."

"This garden is fertile in delights; God takes care that no noxious animal shall approach it."

It has been supposed that this singular fountain was designed to imitate the brazen sea, one of the vanities of King Solomon, which he ordered to be placed in the temple of Jerusalem.

Of the stucco-work of the court, it is observed by Mr. Murphy, "that the portion which is out of the reach of hands is beautifully clean and white. Not a single spider's web, nor insect of any kind, could the author discover in any part of the court; while the stucco-work executed by order of later kings was decayed and covered with cob-webs in various parts."—The wood work of the Arabs is also known to continue free from worms and insects of every kind. Indeed no portion of this truly royal fortress conveys a more complete idea of its original beauty and magnificence, or appears to have suffered less from the ravages of time.

SPRING. From the Casket.

How cheerful appears the gay spring,
As she bounds from old winter's rough arms,
With her flow'ry train whose light wing,
Enraptured unfolds with new charms.
They spurn the old night and his frost,
They shake their gay garlands around;
Their garments with dances emboss'd,
Away o'er the hills how they bound!
The birds bow they carol and sing,
The streams bath'd in liquid bright gold:
All nature appears now to bring
Each treasure and beauty untold.
Light zephyrs sport mild in the breeze,
While cowslips peep up from the earth;
Green buds shoot forth from the trees
To welcome mild spring on her birth.
Grim winter's cold fetters are riven,
He's strip'd and sent back to his lave,
Behind spring's gay train he is driven;
To hide in his cold icy grave. EMPTINE.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

AN EXTRACT FROM

HENRY EDMONDS.

An unpublished Tale.

* * * * * * *

CHAPTER VI.

"Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles,"
"In men, as nat'rally, as in charcoals."
Hudibras.

Time rolled on; Time—whose wheels no power can obstruct—whose invisible progress, nothing can retard! Time—for whom he hath no allurement, death no terrors! from whom, joy can extract no sympathy, and misery, no regret! Time—from whom unflinching gaze nothing can be hidden; omniscient—omnipresent, and inscrutable!

Time had rolled on, and was Henry still in love? He was,—said, alas! for him, infinitely more so, than when he first made the acknowledgement. Love, with some people, is not unlike a tolerably "sanitandick'ler" precipice, as Major Downing might express it; or, in other words, a steep hill—they do sooner fall in love, than they roll down the bottom, and are up again; and though their road through life may be full of such hills, the momentum acquired in descending one is peculiarly serviceable in overcoming the acclivity of the next, and hence, instead of retarding, contributes, greatly assists and advances them in their progress. It was not so with Henry;—it is not so in the majority of instances; and, on the whole, I am inclined to think when Moore wrote his famous lines—

"Tho' love is warm awhile,"
"Soon it grows cold;"

that he must have had some mental reservation in view, else he could never have penned as a general truth, what the experience of age, as well as the daily observation of every individual, all tend in innumerable instances to disprove. But to my story.

It was now about eleven o'clock at night,—probably a month later than the time described in the last chapter—and the weather, perfectly tempestuous. The rain that poured down in torrents, threatened to overwhelm the helpless traveller whom business or necessity compelled to face its inclemencies; while the blackened sky, and the huge black masses of rising clouds, betokened anything but a prospect of a speedy cessation.

Amidst all this tumult, as if he had that within him, which rendered him heedless of the tempest without, a military gentleman might have been seen traversing the pavement in front of the old fashioned domicile, which I have elsewhere mentioned, as the residence of—I may as well give her name—Mary Wharton. His coat was buttoned close up to his throat, he had no umbrella, and his clothes, which were of no mean quality, were completely saturated with the rain. And yet he walked on; now and then stopping to wipe away the drops, that, collecting on the brim of his hat, threatened to deluge his features. Occasionally he would pause also, and look up at the house with a disconsolate countenance—then, muttering some hasty and unintelligible sentences, pass on, and resume his walk. It was Henry Edmonds—and—he was jealous!

The door of the dwelling now opened, and a tall gentleman dressed in black, and with an enormous pair of whiskers, stepped out. A young lady stood just within, and for some time, they seemed engaged in earnest conversation. Henry stood at a little distance, eying them with intense attention. Having terminated their discourse, their faces seemed to approach, until they had assumed a wonderful degree of propinquity. One loud smack!—and then—the next moment found the tall gentleman in black, and his big whiskers sprawling on the pavement, and Henry standing in the doorway, and upbraiding Mary with her inconstancy.

"O, Mary!" he exclaimed, whilst excess of feeling almost rendered his words inarticulate, "how can you treat me with such cruel indifference! I that have loved you so faithfully—so tenderly—as constantly! to spurn me, Mary, for that thing of broadcloth and whiskers!"—pointing to his ejected rival, who, not being of a particularly pugnacious disposition, had thought proper to pocket both the affront and his whiskers, which the concussion of his fall occasioned to drop off, and gathering himself up, was now making active endeavors to leave the premises.

Henry continued—"Much as I had been told—much as I had anticipated—alas! Mary, I could not, I dared not believe you so unfaithful!" He could say no more. His emotion choked his utterance, and rushing into the room, he threw himself into a chair, and covering his face with his hands, sobbed convulsively.

She looked calmly out of the door, kissed her hand to something in the street, and then quietly closing it, followed him to the apartment. Throwing her arms affectionately about him,—

"My dear, dear, Harry," said she, looking fondly up into his face, "you know I love you, more than all the world!—don't you? and, that, nothing can ever make me love you less! There, now"—she added, peevishly, in the next breath, "your wet coat has ruined my silk dress! and—and"—sobbing with vexation—"I positively won't speak to you again for a fortnight!"

It were superfluous to detail here, the minutiæ of a love-quarrel; all who have ever been in love, and who has not? are intimate with the little, and often, causeless, contentions, that, in spite of efforts to the contrary, will, at times, break out among the kindest hearted; like the sombre clouds, that are introduced into a brilliant landscape, though separately displeasing, they serve to relieve the otherwise monotonous glare of its sunny brightness. Suffice it to say, that, after mutual recrimination, followed the customary preliminary to returning tenderness, mutual forgiveness; and, in a little more time than has been taken to relate it, every vestige of a disagreement had vanished; still there was a kind of restraint, or rather, of mental irresolution, apparent, at intervals, in the countenance of the lady, that could not remain long unnoticed. It seemed as if she was playing a part, with the peculiar nature of which she was not altogether satisfied. In the most impassioned moments, and amidst the most exuberant ebullition, of her feelings, her eyes would wander, a revulsion of some kind take place, and she would suddenly stop short, look up into his face, and with an air of embarrassment, and an involuntary sigh, drop the hand she had affectionately taken, as if mentally conscious of some heinous impropriety in her behaviour.

Henry had never seen her so affected before. He had ever found her gay, volatile, and invariably lighthearted in his presence; and now, when in the excess of passion, he had declared the thing that a lovesick woman could desire—an undivided heart—an honorable love; a competence—why should she become so inexplicably sad?—why should she hesitate? it was to him incomprehensible. That she should exhibit even momentary repugnance towards the reception of a gift, the attainment of which, he had considered as, on her part, an object of anxious solicitude, had never entered into his imagination. He was astonished; nay, more, he was alarmed; then conceiving that her embarrassment might have been occasioned by the abruptness of his offering, or her suddenly desire for proper time to deliberate—his alarm quickly subsided into feelings of respectful sympathy.

"Mary," he tenderly inquired, "do you love me?—nay, your eyes have confessed it, and I will not doubt! That I love you—that I have loved you fervently and fondly, Mary, heaven and your own heart can bear me witness! We have none to control us; no rude hand to tear us unwillingly from each other; no stern parent to wither with the cold and calculating breath of avarice, our mutual attachment! Penury can have no threats for us! and the world, the malicious world will say"——

"That I have ruined you?" she interrupted, with bitter vehemence, bursting into tears, that she vainly attempted to conceal with her hands, and sobbing as if her heart would break with painful emotion.

"This is childish, Mary," said he soothingly, kissing away the tears that suffused her pallid cheeks, "surely there is no such disparity between us, as your words imply. You are alone, Mary;—is it criminal to protect the orphan? can it be wicked to assist the helpless?—to comfort the comfortless? No! you deceive yourself. This is a censorious world; but can it say ought against gratifying the best feelings of our nature? Oh no! it cannot be, Mary, and you will be mine—will you not love?" he murmured, folding her to his bosom.

"I will call thee my sister, my pet one, and thou"

"Shalt have all of my heart"——

"Oh, no! no! Henry," she sobbed, "it cannot be! it cannot be!—I love you—but"—

"But what!" he exclaimed, with accumulating agitation; then proudly erecting himself, "am I not a man?" he added, "what the world should frown me down into an obsequious compliance with all its heartless customs, its frigid rules! Never!—I despise them! and he flinty sophists that uphold them! No—I love you, Mary, and you must be mine."

She looked at him earnestly for a moment, through her tears, then hastily wiping them away—

"Could you love me, Henry," she quietly observed, "if you knew that I—that I"—she faltered, "that I had tried to deceive you? If you knew that—that—I had done wrong, very wrong?"

"By Heaven! I could, Mary—I could forgive everything!"

She shook her head mournfully, at his asseveration, as if apprehensive that he was mistaken.

"Nay, do not doubt the depth of my affection, Mary," he continued—"I said rightly, when I said I could forgive everything; unless"—and he paused, and he gave her a searching glance; but her eyes were fixed upon the ground—the tears were starting afresh—she sobbed—and, ashamed of his suspicions, he calmly proceeded, "I cannot suspect you of anything criminal, Mary—why should I?"

"You will see me, then, to-morrow?" said she, with forced composure.

He smiled assent.

"And you promise to listen to me until you have heard all?" she resumed, taking his hand into her own, and looking up imploringly into his face.

"Certainly," he replied, "but why all this unnecessary mystery?"

"And then," said she, evading the question, her voice tremulously low and broken—"if you should cease to love me—you—you—will you not pity me?"

"Oh! you could not, you surely could not *hate* me, Henry!" she gasped convulsively "could you?" and again she burst into tears.

He was exceedingly affected.

"Hate you, Mary! No, that were impossible!" he exclaimed; "but, dearest! why do you give such importance to a matter, of, perhaps, very trifling moment? We are none of us exempt from error; and there are few indeed, who have always been sufficiently circumspect to do those things, alone, whose consequences they might never have reason to deprecate. Indeed, Mary, who is perfect? You see not; I know that I am far from it; it would be impossible to expect perfection. Do not weep so, Mary; I am convinced that your agitation is unnecessary; that you are afflicting yourself without any adequate reason; and I am sure, very willing, to take you without inquiry—without an explanation; convinced that you are a fond, and satisfied that you love me: is not that enough, Mary?"

"No!" she replied calmly, but with thrilling energy, "it is not enough! Never shall it be said, that you have taken to your bosom, one, who, if her guiltiness had been known, you would, perhaps, have spurned, indignantly, from your presence! Neither shall it be said," she added with bitter emphasis, "that I owed my fortune to my treachery! But, alas, that I owed my fortune to my treachery! But, alas, it cannot be! it cannot be! You will hate me! it cannot but! it cannot be! You will hate me! You will despise me!" and she wept profusely. "But, if I have erred," she resumed, proudly; "if I have erred but, it was as a woman! and—as a woman I will confess."

Her words became inarticulate. She motioned him to begone.

"I cannot leave you thus, Mary," he mourned, "indeed I cannot!"

"If you love me, go;" said she—"I will see you tomorrow."

He felt reluctant to depart, but her look was so imperative, he could not, with propriety, refuse; and pacing the room for that purpose, loosened by her emotion, hung luxuriantly over her neck and face, he imprinted a kiss upon her cheek and stole silently away.

He reached home in a state of perturbation, much more easily imagined than can be described. That he did reach home, was, in fact, more the effect of accident or habit, than design, as he scarcely noticed a step that he had taken, until he found himself seated alone in his bedchamber. He was uneasy and restless; and after looking into several books and replacing them without regarding their contents, he at length gave them up in despair, and lighting a cigar, commenced smoking most energetically; but, however, it must be confessed, without burning his mouth and his fingers, several times in his forgetfulness.

He had not sat long there, before the tall negro, the door opened, and a genteelman was heard ascending the stairway. The next minute Mr. Smith entered his chamber, and in his usually rapid manner, made all-cried apologies for the intrusion, and the command in requiring respecting his health.

Under any other circumstances, it is probable that Henry would have felt indisposed to tolerate the advances of his present companion; but harassed in mind as he had been for the last few hours, and so intolerable in consequence, had solitude become, he was not only glad at an opportunity to escape from reflection, but rejoiced that he had fallen in with one in any degree connected with, or possessing the least knowledge relative to the object of his speculation.

He was, however, silent for a moment after the entrance of his visitor, as if uncertain in what manner to commence the conversation.

Mr. Smith on the contrary, was not at all embarrassed, either by the lateness of his visit, or the taciturnity of his companion.

"Glad to see you home, 'pon my soul!" said he, "was deuredly afraid should find you out. These love affairs make late hours, eh, Harry!—by the by, that's a devilish good cigar smells excellently—genuine Havana, I presume?—any more?—ah, thank you, thank you!" he responded, as Henry handed him the box, to make his choice, "I must say, you are an amazing fine fellow—strike me!"

By this time, having lit his cigar, and cast an enquiring look about the apartment, he espied an open closet, and in it a collection of bottles. He approached them. "Wine!" said he, "by Jupiter!" then reading the labels, and smacking his lips with and affectation of great zest, "permit me" said he to congratulate. You have an exquisite taste, strike me!"

He took out a bottle of wine, and setting it down, with a glass upon the table, he continued:

"By the by, I am a connoisseur in the article of wine—never drink anything but the best—my wine hill this year is enormous—amounting nearly to the pen-

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"By the by, I am a connoisseur in the article of wine—never drink anything but the best—my wine hill this year is enormous—amounting nearly to the pen-

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From the U. S. Literary Gazette.

THE TROOPER'S DIRGE.

To horse,—to horse,—the bugles call,
And sadly swells the mournful strain,
That warns us to the burial
Of one who ne'er shall march again.
His course is run,—his battles done,—
He died as aye he wished to die,—
The well-fought field was finally won,
And Victory pealed her clarion nigh;
Nor on his lip of beauteous pride,
When high in hope, he rode among
The brave, the noble, and the young,
Wreathed such a smile as when he died.

Stern eyes became, as woman's, weak,
Nor scorned to soil the charging gold,
That flowed o'er his marble cheek
With tears that would not be controlled
For though none bolder struck with brand
When boiling veins were up and wild,
Yet never even the gentlest child
Had kinder heart or truer hand.

To horse,—to horse,—no more I weep;
His high career was run full fast,
And so on battle field I'd sleep
My last long sleep of death at last.
No more I weep,—but far away
Are deep blue eyes to weep in vain,—
Fair lips not seen to smile again,—
And hearts wail to this hero day.

THE BEAR OF CARNIOLA.

BY T. S. HERVEY, L. Q.

[From "*The Forget Me Not*," for 1835.]

The incidents of the following tale, romantic as they may appear, are attested by the chroniclers of the country, and verified by the existing monument of the times in which they are laid.

One evening, in winter, the Emperor Maximilian was seated at table, surrounded by the principal lords of the court. The night was far advanced, and many a brimming goblet had given birth to many a lively sally. Quality too had been toasted the noted beauties of the day, each man being summoned with the name of the most, and each successive laughing the hilarity of the guests.—The Emperor himself, it was said, had not been spared, so much boldness had the generous wine of Hungary given to the drinkers, and utterance to the monarch. Carelessly reclining in his chair, filled with embroidered skins, one hand of the mirth-inspiring juice, and a cigar, which was used by his side, while he listened with a smile to the story of a beautiful Baroness of Eberndorff. A sudden noise arose at the door of the chamber. The two men-at-arms who guarded the entrance, rushed as if flung aside by a powerful effort, and a knight of lofty stature, wearing over his harness a huge bear skin, strode boldly up the hall, and paused within three steps of the Emperor.

"Who is this insolent intruder," cried the enraged monarch, "who dares thus to penetrate into my presence, an hour down my guards?—Does he know before whom he stands?"

"He does," replied the stranger bluntly. "You are the Emperor; and it is my duty to obey your commands as supreme head of the empire, and to warn you in your wars, as it powers to do me justice when I need it. And can I find for my demand a time more fitting than when you are embarrassed by no business, by no cares, and engaged in no more pressing occupation than that of drinking and taking your pleasure?"

Maximilian darted around the assembly glances flashing with astonishment and anger. "Will none of you," he cried, "tell me who is this strange petitioner; who appears here as if he had fallen from the sky, and spoke as haughtily—God pardon me!—as if he were an elector of the Holy Empire?"

An aged knight, who, in spite of copious libations still retained some presence of mind, at length broke silence. "Sire," said he, "if the somewhat savage dress which distinguishes this bold knight did not of itself identify him, his bearing and his language would proclaim him to be the noble Herrmann, Lord of Lueg, commonly called the Bear of Carniola."

"I begin to understand," said the Emperor; "the Bear has quitted his forests, allured by the scent of our imperial kitchen. Lord of Lueg, your little castle is far from Vienna, what pressing motive has driven you to this journey?—Is hunger so cold?—Or have a few robbers taken your domain by assault, and have you come to supply for some dozen of our men-at-arms to scourge your hen-roost?"

"In my castle," replied the indignant Herrmann, "we suffer neither from hunger nor from cold. It it should please your majesty to honour it with a visit, I take upon myself to feast you and your retinue with fresh meats, green vegetables, and juicy fruits, as that repast or season when. As I here perceive, your majesty's table is covered only with confectionary and dried fruits. As for an attack on your person, I am not far from fearing your majesty's aid in such a peril, I should not be afraid to undertake as defence against your majesty's self, in case you should take it into your head to besiege it with your entire army."

A long and sonorous burst of laughter replied to this defiance. Maximilian himself, in spite of his efforts, was compelled to join in the general merriment. Herrmann's eyes flashed fire upon the assembly; and when they fell upon the Emperor it was evident that respect for his authority alone restrained the utterance of his indignation. The monarch at length perceived that the dignity of his rank was selling from the scene, and he called for one more bottling himself, as he again addressed the knight.

"High and puissant Lord of Iueg," he said, "who possess such mighty riches, and a fortress of such strength, what can you have to ask at hands weak as ours?"

"I have said it, sire,—Justice!—justice on one of your vassals, who has cruelly wronged me!"

"Justice!" repeated Ferdinand, "justice!" he murmured; "that every word, praise, is ever in all their mouths.—One would think, to hear them, that a sovereign once seated on the throne of the Cæsars had no future occupation more than that of listening to complaints. Herrmann! could not you, after the fashion of so many of your class, do yourself justice?—and, if not, think you that you have chosen a place and an hour the most fitting to put the wishes of your imagination to the proof?"

"The rank of the offender gravely replied the knight, "did not permit me to take justice into my own hands, until I had first tried the effect of an appeal to your sovereign decision. As for the time and place which I have chosen, they seem to me fitting, since your majesty can at once hear the parties, and form your opinion, my adversary being now in your presence."

"Hem!" cried the Emperor; "your foe here!—who, then, is he?"

"Behold him!" cried Herrmann, pointing to the noble who sat on the monarch's right hand; "I demand justice against the grand marshal, the Count Pappenheim!"

"Pappenheim," exclaimed the Emperor, "then hearse! What declares can there be between the Bear of Carniola and there!—How best thou wronged him?"

The grand marshal surprised by his censors, was the most embarrassed of the assembly. [illegible] at this unexpected charge, between shaking and wishing, in which it is difficult to say whether he was more angry or ashamed, he began to hear, to speak, or think. At his master's question, however, he raised his eyes heavily, gazed stupidly on Herrmann for a moment, then let them fall again, and replied, in a voice broken by his cough. "I never saw the man in my life—I have no dealings with him."

"More than you think, Count Pappenheim," said Herrmann. "It may be that you know me not; but you have not forgotten the young girl whom you carried off one summer from the monastery of Inspruch, and foully abandoned at Salzburg."

"A young girl carried off! Is this true Pappenheim?" said the Emperor sullen to his favourite. "By my faith another of thy wild tricks this! Wait thou be for ever to correct!"

The grand marshal made a prodigious effort at attention, and sought from amid the chaos which the wine had produced in his brain to muster a few recollections. At length he appeared to have succeeded, for he made an attempt at a smile, and answered, in an under-tone, "Ah! Salzburg! Oh, Ida! the charming girl!—Ay, by my faith, she was handsome!"

"That Ida," cried Herrmann, in a voice which sounded as if it roared from a tomb—"that Ida whom her beauty has plunged into the ruin which you prepared for her—that Ida was my own child—the last union of the House of Lueg!"

A shocked silence fell upon the assembly, and its gusty went out, as by a sudden chill. The face of the Emperor became grave, and his voice was serious and kind when he again spoke to Herrmann.

"Knight of Lueg," he said, "the charge which you prefer against our grand marshal is a heavy one. This matter shall be investigated with scrupulous care: but, at this moment, Pappenheim is, as you see, in no condition to reply. Return to-morrow, and we will take counsel on the means of healing this grievous wound."

"And now, then, does your majesty imagine that a quarrel like this can be reconciled?" vehemently asked the knight of Carniola.

"Only by proportioning the reparation to the greatness of the outrage, and to the rank and fortune of the offender," replied the Emperor.

"Can only reparation is possible?" vociferated Herrmann, in a voice hoarse from the concentration of many feelings. "And that reparation, which alone can wipe away the stain a name dishonored by debauch, this him whom I now see before me! That honour swears all other feelings. Your majesty has heard from that drunkard's mouth the avowal of his crime and the proof of my wrong. There needs no counsel, and can be no delay. Here on this spot, and at this moment, your majesty will order the Count Pappenheim to espouse my daughter, whose he has seduced and dishonoured."

There was a moment's silence, during which the guests whispered with each other. The grand marshal gazed by turns on the Emperor and the knight, and seemed suddenly to comprehend what was passing; the, bursting into a drunken laugh, he exclaimed, "I—I marry Ida!—Ha! ha!"

The Emperor darted on him an indignant look, and for an instant seemed uncertain how to act. At length he turned towards the knight, with that air of princely dignity which he could assume upon occasion, and then addressed him in a tone of command. "Sir knight, were I even fully convinced that your complaint is well-founded—that all the blame is on the side of the grand marshal alone—that your daughter is, in truth, the victim of seduction, carried on by artifice and pursued by perfidy—and were I—overlooking all the difficulties which stand in the way of this unequal union—to employ all my authority in compelling him to contract it—he could not obey me. Pappenheim is married."

He spoke, a sudden and deadly paleness overspread the face of Herrmann of Lueg, and his teeth chattered as with mortal cold. A violent storm shook his whole frame; and a sort of growl struggled from his throat, which made the assembly shudder. Even the insensibility of Pappenheim seemed to vanish before the savage aspect of his furious accuser. He half rose from his seat, and grasped his long sword with a convulsive energy; but, at a sign from the Emperor, two of the guards had placed themselves by the side of Herrmann, who struggled fearfully with the feelings that for many seconds were his unconquered masters. At length, and after terrible efforts, he succeeded in regaining articulation; and his voice broken, and interrupted at first by the strong coughs of the assembly, grew clear—he proceeded, and, before he ceased, was loud, and wild, and fierce as that he shouted his war-cry in the rush and the hurlyburd of the fight.

"Married!—monster!—my poor, poor, Ida!—lost!—for ever and ever!—more than all reparation!—no more angels to pardon!—his blood!—vengeance!—vile seducer! To the sanctuary of this palace thou owest it that this moment is not the last of thy life! But I defy thee!—Count of Pappenheim, I defy thee to mortal combat, afoot or on horse, with lance, sword, and dagger! Tak—my battlecape—and be it a passage of blood or victory!"

While thus speaking, Herrmann had loosened from his arm a heavy gauntlet of iron, and cast it, he finished, before the feet of Pappenheim, in the face of the grand marshal. The blow was an violent that Pappenheim, overthrown, fell on the breast of the Emperor, bathing the royal garments with his blood. His self-possession was beaten in by the stroke of the terrible gauntlet. A momentary storm convulsed him—his brow reddened—and there remained in the arms of Maximilian only the corpse of his favourite.

The spectators rushed forward with cries of horror and affright, and the next movement was to raise the murdered. But he was gone. Our of the guards was pierced by a dagger, which he had torn from him; and the other got unarmed under a blow which Herrmann had dealt him as he retreated. Some of the party hurried into the hall, in the hope of overtaking the knight before he could pass the guards stationed at the palace gates: but it was soon discovered that he had ordered these apartments by a door communicating with the exterior of the garden, which being usually left closed, was left unguarded, and that he had thus effected his unobstructed escape.

On the following morning, the trumpets of the heralds sounded in the streets of Vienna: and they proclaimed a reward of four hundred golden ducats to any one who should bring in, dead or alive, the knight Herrmann of Lueg, murderer of the grand marshal. Orders were also despatched to the governors and one-cits of the different towns of the empire, to seize him wherever he might be found. The funeral of the Count Pappenheim was celebrated with great pomp, and the monument raised to his memory may still be seen in the cathedral of St. Stephen.

A month passed away without tidings of the knight of Carniola. At the end of that time, the following report from the commander of the district of Laybach was transmitted to the imperial chancery:—

According to the intelligence which I have obtained, it appears that the knight Herrmann of Lueg passed through the town about three weeks ago. In his company was a young girl, who travelled on a pillion behind him. They were met by two chamois of Idria, in the mountains a few miles from this place, on the mountain. The horse, worn out with fatigue, had broken down; and Herrmann was in the act of abandoning it, carrying in one hand his cloak-bag, and with the other supporting the young girl, who appeared to be very weak and ill, and whom the peasants believe to have been his daughter. They lost sight of the travellers amid the winding paths which lead to the castle of Lueg.

On the receipt of this information, I sent a servant and ten men-at-arms to seize the murderer in his den. The servant has not returned, and one-half of his ten companions has this morning come back, bringing the following extraordinary particulars:—

Though the castle of Lueg is but a day's journey from the plain, the men were unable to reach their destination before the second evening. The difficulty of advancing at this season of the year, by paths buried in snow, cut through gloomy forests, and along abrupt precipices, was partly the cause of this delay; but it was greatly increased by the absolute necessity of seeking guides and the great difficulty of procuring them. The peasants of the neighbourhood, apprised of the purpose of the expedition, fled at the approach of the soldiers; and the women only remained behind, who averred them that the castle was impregnable, and defended by unearthly powers. In the end, however, a young peasant was forcibly placed at the head of the detachment, and compelled to show the way to the fortress. Arrived at the foot of the rock on which the castle stands, the soldiers began to climb the narrow and dangerous road which conducts to its principal entrance; but, before they had proceeded far, they were stopped by a wall of snow, of fearful height, and extending directly across their path. Whilst they were seeking some means of passing the barrier, their attention was attracted by a sound overhead; and, looking up, they saw (says the soldier) a troop of bears, fast only moving amid the snow, and growling defiance, as it were against the assailants. While their attention was riveted upon this strange sight the terrified guide fled, and the surviving soldier was directed by his sergeant to pursue. This order saved his life; for, at the moment he overtook the peasant, the wall of snow was shaken behind him, and an avalanche huge as a mountain, overwhelmed his miserable companions. He affirms that at this moment he heard the hideous roar of the bears rise up like a shout of victory, and that he saw the animals fly like the lions around the grand marshal. The order was given to march back; and the sergeant, on reaching the foot of the rock, or from the valley which it commands, and is visible only from the surrounding heights, which are at too great distance for artillery planted on them to bear upon the fortress. At the time of which we speak, a narrow path, cut in the face of the rock, and winding in many zigzags, was the only one which afforded access to the castle; and it was at the entrance to this path that the soldiers first met against Herrmann had been overwhelmed by the falling snow.

Having received there the orders, and decided that it was inaccessible by any other way than that of the path in question, the soldiers pitched his approach to the besieged by a discharge of arquebuses and artillery. The balls broke off some splinters from the rock; but not one of them reached the castle, which at this point, as we have said, was invisible to the assailants. Guards were placed on all the adjacent heights; the neighbouring forests were in vain explored in all directions, to ascertain if no other road than that which we have described existed to the castle; and, in this only path was completely choked up with ice and snow, and a single man could, indeed such circumstances, have readily stopped the advance of an entire army along its narrow and anxious defiles, the governor deemed it advisable to convert the seige into a blockade, and endeavour, by the aid of famine, to conquer those whom nature had taken pains to defend by so extraordinary a position.

It was drawing towards the close of December; the cold was piercing, and the troops of the besiegers afforded very inadequate shelter. Their provisions, brought from a considerable distance, were slowly forced on the way. At the same time, the thick smoke which rose from the castle overhead indicated that its occupants possessed all the requisites for defending themselves against the severity of the season. To the shouts of menace which were directed against them they had only replied by mocking cries. Each evening, the echoes of a falconet discharged by the besiegers to awaken the attention of their antagonists, resounded through the valley; and it was invariably replied to by a similar discharge from the castle; after which the soldiers occasionally fancied they could hear the sentinels relieved on the Alpine platform overhead.

Things continued in this state till towards the beginning of March, and the governor felt assured that the besieged could not possibly hold out much longer, for he had learned that the castle was but slenderly provisioned at the commencement of the investment, and that Herrmann had not time or opportunity for collecting stores. His conjectures appeared about to be realised, when, after a siege of more than sixty days, he beheld, one morning, a white flag planted at the summit of the path which led to the castle, and two or three warmed men waving handkerchiefs over the parapet of the platform. Convinced that the besieged were making signals of surrender, he ordered an officer to ascend the flag of truce and conduct the bearers into the camp. At the same time, he perceived advancing down the fortuous path a non-commissioned, and four men, bearing large baskets on their shoulders, which they finally deposited at the foot of the rock. These leader at the same time delivered a dispatch for the governor, and then with the rest of the envoys immediately began to reclimb the previous.

The baskets and the dispatch were carried to the camp. The latter contained a letter from Herrmann to the governor counselling him to abandon his useless enterprise, and save himself and his soldiers from perishing with cold, in the attempt to blockade a fortress defended by a power mightier than that of the sovereign who had sent him. It concluded with him on the numberless privations to which he had been subjected in the discharge of his difficult duty—and knowing, as he did, that the troops of the emperor must suffer from the scarcity of provisions in this rude season, the writer requested his cordial acceptance of the little present therewith sent—which present he undertook to renew, during the continuance of the inclement weather, as often as the governor would do him the honour to accept it.

After the reading of this singular epistle, the baskets were opened. The first was filled with fine wines, Italian liqueurs, and choice confections; the second with fish of various kinds, which appeared to have left as native element but a few hours; the third, with oranges and lemons of great beauty and excellent quality; and the fourth contained green herbs, salads fresh gathered, and strawberries and raspberries in full ripeness.

The surprise which this extraordinary gift excited in the camp was succeeded itself into a perplexity, by no means equivocal, of the popular terrors on the part of the multitude, who could not help attributing to sorcery that which it was impossible to account for by natural means. A few days afterwards, the governor having determined to accept the challenge of Herrmann, for the purpose of ascertaining how far it might be mere bravado, requested a supply of fresh provisions for the festival of Mid-Lent, which he remarked the knight was a flesh day; and to the demand Herrmann replied by sending him the four quarters of an ox and a dozen roasted lambs. The inhumane of the soldiers now louder with their increased complaints of the hardships which they endured; and there was great reason to apprehend that the panic which had spread among them would render the further prosecution of the enterprise useless. The governor, however, had come to a different conclusion: and, on the same day, he wrote to his court the assurance of a speedy and successful termination to the seige, in consequence, he said, of circumstances which had just been communicated to him.

The severe season was drawing towards its close. The snow yet covered the whole of the Julian Alps, and which the castle of Lueg is situated; its streams and lakes were still frozen. But, at the south end of this chain, the sun of Italy had begun to put on its garb of greenness. The wood-cutters of Carniola were still shut up closely in their lonely cabins, while the dwellers on the banks of the Isonzo, at only a few leagues' distance, had already spread the meshes abroad over the fields, and, cheered by the mirthful beams of a March sun, resumed their rustic occupations.

In the little town of Gonice, the capital of that happy country, had, for many years, resided an honest disciple of Esculapius, who, in the quiet and benevolent exercise of his profession, had conciliated the respect and affections of the simple people amongst whom he dwelt. And truly did the Doctor Belgarbo deserve the reputation which he enjoyed, and which had somehow spread beyond the neighbourhood which might have seemed to be the natural limit of its influence. An exterior somewhat rude, and manners which had taken their tone and tones from the mountains, were combined with an upright spirit and a gentle heart. To his skill as a physician he added the policy and the judgment which made him a sure and true friend, and, in cases of difficulty, a safe and prudent counsellor.

It was towards the close of Lent, in the year which witnessed the events just narrated, that a servant in livery, sadle-ding by the bridle a ride-less horse, richly caparisoned, stopped one morning at the doctor's gate. He was the bearer of a letter, written in the most pressing terms, which summoned Belgarbo to set out without delay for a castle in the neighborhood of Idria, in order to enquire the resources of his child in the half of a lady of rank, who was severely indisposed. Not unaccustomed to such summonses, the doctor at once took his cloak and case of instruments; and, having delivered a few instructions to the assistant, who supplied his place during his short absences, he mounted the horse brought for him, and set out with his guide in the direction of Germany.

After a few hours riding, they passed through the village of Wipach, and about sunset arrived at the extremity of the valley leading to the foot of the mountains, over which lies the road into Carniola.

During their ride, the doctor had time to remember that the letter mentioned neither the name of the sick lady, nor that of the place to which he was thus suddenly summoned; and he had more than once endeavored to exact some information on these subjects from the guide, but the man either could not or would not give him any further explanation than the assurance that they should reach the place of their destination on that same evening.

At length, at the entrance of a very confined gorge, and on the brink of a stream whose noisy waters were covered by a rude bridge, his guide turned aside, and struck into a narrow and difficult defile to the right, following the edge of the torrent in a direction contrary to its course, and penetrating among steep and abrupt rocks whose bases formed its rough bed. The doctor could not help feeling some surprise that such a path should lead to any habitation; in fact, after a few minutes of travel, the by-road it

the discussion of projects for the future with some success. The two friends sat long together; and it was not till the turret-clock struck eleven that Herrmann rose to proceed to his accustomed devotions; and, pressing the hand of the doctor, entreated him to visit the couch of the invalid once more before he retired to rest.

As he left the hall, the knight found the major-domo waiting at his accustomed post with his lighted torch. For a moment he hesitated how to act towards this man, whose presence had become odious to him; and he almost resolved to take the light from his hand and proceed alone. But, after an instant's reflection, he determined to let him discharge his ordinary service for that night, and continued to lean on the arm of the latter.

When he reached the gate of the chapel the Lord of Lueg turned suddenly round to look upon the face of his servant. The sinister expression of the man's features struck him more forcibly than it had ever done before. All the doctor's suspicions flashed instantly through his mind, and he came to the resolution of having them cleared up on the spot. Whilst he was meditating on the means to be employed for this purpose, the major-domo had left him as usual; and imagining that his master would at once commence his devotions, he proceeded stealthily to place his firelock on the edge of the parapet. The knight, having reopened the door of the chapel, followed the man's steps, and seized him by the arm as he turned to leave the wall on which he had placed the light.

"Here!" said he, as he dragged him forcibly back towards the chapel, and compelled him to kneel before the altar; "listen!—I have somewhat to say to thee. Here, in the presence of the God who hears and sees all things, will I be satisfied from thine own lips as to the designs of which thou art accused. I will trust thee again if thou wilt swear to me here, by the hopes of eternal salvation, that thou art not a traitor!"

"I swear!" replied the wretched man, in a voice shrill with terror. "Fly!—fly!—take me from this spot, and you shall know all!"

"Ah! villain!" exclaimed the knight, as with a strong arm he held down the struggling wretch, "thou wert then about to betray me!—Go on!—Confess all—here, before God, who is listening to thee!"

The screams of the terrified major-domo rose wilder and shriller, and the knight started upright on his head. "I am guilty!" he cried; "but, oh! fly!—fly!—or we are both lost!—the abyss is about to open beneath us!"

But his desperate efforts were vain. The knight, attributing the terror of the writhing villain to religious horror, held him forcibly down on the fearful spot in front of the altar. At this moment a loud explosion, arose from the foot of the rock. The lamp of the shrine was extinguished, and a deep silence succeeded the shrieks of agony which terrified the warders. The nearest sentinel on parade fancied he heard after some moments the sound of groans, and at length gave the alarm. The chapel was entered; and a frightful spectacle presented itself.

Herrman had died instantly. A ball from a falconet guided by a true and lead descending through a hole bored for the purpose in the floor to the bottom of the rock, and passed through his lungs. A splinter from one of the beams, broken off by the murderous projectile, had pierced the entrails of the major-domo, and mangled them frightfully. Some gold pieces, the fruits of his treachery, which he carried concealed beneath his garments, were buried in the dreadful wound. He lingered for an hour in hideous torments; and confessed, before he expired, the horrible means which he had concerted with the besiegers for the destruction of his master, and to which he had himself been me the victim.

The Lord of Lueg was spared, by his own dreadful fate, the bitter pang of learning that his daughter was dead. The young and beautiful Ida had expired in the arms of the Doctor Belgerbo at the very same moment that her father was so suddenly cut off.

The Landship of Lueg, on the extinction of the family of its ancient owners, devolved to that of Cobenzel, in whose possession it still remains.

The hall which terminated the life of Herrmann of Lueg is still shown to the curious who visit the castle. It is half buried in the vaulted roof of the the old chapel; and the traces of its progress have never been effaced. The peasants of the neighbourhood yet tell many a tale, which tradition has handed down to them, besides this fatal one, of The Bear of Carniola.

Saturday Evening Post.

Saturday, June 13.

☞ Published weekly, at No. 36 Carter's Alley, Philadelphia, opposite the Girard Bank.

☞ When addressing the publisher respectful subscribers, correspondents will please always mention at what post office the papers are received.

☞ Very many subscribers and agents are exceedingly delinquent. We shall be obliged to discontinue the agencies at Alexandria, D. C.; Elkton; Alton, Nashville, Huntsville and Mobile, and cut off all our subscriptions at those places, unless some more liberal share of attention and punctuality is evinced to us.

Our file of papers in the Merchants' Exchange, is almost invariably cut and mutilated by some visitors who forget the rules of the establishment. Mr. Coffee requests us to say, as courteously as we can, that he hopes this very bad practice will not be repeated, either in reference to the Post or any other paper.

By the official returns of the late election in this city, for Brigadier General, as published in the American Sentinel, it appears that the aggregate vote for Major Peter Fritz, is 2772, and for Gen. A. M. Prevost, 2730—giving a majority of 42 for Major Fritz.

Major Daniel Sharp has been re-elected Brigade Inspector of the first Brigade, by a majority 503 votes. Major Sharp received 2666 votes, and Col. Charley Baker, 2164.

There was no less than four fires in this city and vicinity, on Monday night last. The first commenced in Colman's extensive steam saw mill, Camden, about 12 o'clock. The mill and a large quantity of lumber were consumed. The next was in Kensington, but what was destroyed we have not learned. The third was a carpenter's shop, back of Arch street below Tenth; and the fourth a carpenter's shop in Cherry above Schuylkill Sixth street. Each fire was no doubt the work of an incendiary.

There were three fires in this city on Tuesday night last. The first broke out about 1 o'clock, in Mr. McDevitt's stable, in Marble alley; the second about the same time, in two buildings undergoing repair, Nos. 304 and 306 Chesnut street, and the third about two o'clock, in a carpenter's shop, in George street, near Schuylkill 4th. Considerable damage was done at each fire.

EVENING EXCURSION.

We are requested to state that the *Steam Boat Linnæus*, Capt. Reeves, will start from Almond street wharf, on Monday evening next, the 15th inst. on an excursion up and down the river. She will leave the wharf at ½ past 7 o'clock, precisely, touching at Race street landing and Kensington, and then proceed up the river as far as Richmond. Returning stop at Knight's and Gloucester Points and then back to Almond street. A good band of music will be on boards and we have no doubt the trip will be found agreeable to all who may wish to avail themselves of the opportunity now offered.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Harpers of New York, are about to publish a new and uniform edition of the works of Bulwer.

The May number of the American Magazine has been received by Mr. Fessenden, 223 Chesnut st. It is embellished with about thirty engravings, and contains several interesting and useful articles.

Works of Mrs. Sherwood.—The Harpers have just issued the tenth volume of the uniform edition of the works of Mrs. Sherwood, containing a continuation of her excellent work, the Lady of the Manor. The series will speedily be completed.

Pencil Sketches.—The second series of Pencil Sketches, by Miss Leslie, has just been published, in a neat 12mo. by Carey, Lea & Blanchard. It contains the following tales—The Wilson House, The Album, The Reading Parties, The Set of China, Laura Lovel, John W. Robertson, and The Ladies' Ball. The last named was published in this paper, some time ago.

The pleasant flow of humour and the happy facility of sketching incidents in domestic life, which characterise Miss Leslie's writings, have rendered her articles extremely popular among all classes of readers. The present volume contains several of her best productions, and it cannot fail to command a ready sale.

Dr. Lieber's new work on America, is highly commended by every intelligent friend whom we have heard express an opinion on the subject. It is, without doubt, the most candid, just, and interesting work, that has been written on America, and it ought to command a ready sale. The opinions of an enlightened foreigner, ought surely to have more weight with us, than the ravings of a silly actress. The London Morning Chronicle, in speaking of "The Stranger in America," says, that it is as amusing as it is solid, and classes it among those works, which unite information with amusement, and are valuable additions to American Literature.

History of Ireland.—Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard have published the first volume of the History of Ireland, by Thomas Moore, *Esq.* the poet. It is written with elegance and power, and will prove a deeply interesting work to all readers of history. We agree with the National Gazette, that the theme is one on which it may well be supposed that the author has written *con amore* and with particular care. It might indeed have been apprehended that at times the heart and the imagination of the national bard would run away with his pen, and that he would attempt to prove something like the patriotic assertion in his "rejected address," that

"Erin surpasses the daughters of Neptune
As Dian outshines each encircling star,
And the heavenly spheres would never have kept time
'Till set to the music of Erin go bragh!"

but, on the contrary, he has preserved the historic sobriety of tone throughout, and laboured with laudable earnestness to be impartial and exact.

A NEW DRAMA.

It is currently reported that Fanny Kemble's Journal is about to be dramatised for the stage by a gentleman of New York. It will no doubt prove an effective play, as the incidents of the book are diversified, and applicable to both comedy and tragedy.—The dramatist, however, will be obliged, in executing his task, to prune the Journal of some of its most choice expressions, as many of the lady's favorite phrases me totally unfit even for the stage.

Speaking of the Journal, which has lately reached N. Orleans, and excited the same contempt and derision there as elsewhere, the editor of the American of that city remarks:

What a pity it is we Americans get our eggs out of a cup, and not from the shell! What a pity it is we drink coffee, and not *tea*, after dinner! What a pity it is we throw up our legs when in a *sitting* posture, to make ourselves comfortable! What a pity it is Mrs. Trollope and Mrs. Butler have not found the pleasure of this position! In fine: what a pity it is that we sing Hail Columbia, rather than 'God save the King;' and are not exactly like Englishmen in every thing. Then! indeed, we might please.....who? a little girl who capered about over the boards to the jingle of our dollars.

The fair authoress, like the many which have preceded her on the same subject, has not perceived how easy it is to turn the same arms they have used against *our* country, against *hers*. Trouble, ye Britons, we may soon find an American Trollope to send amongst you—and our day of vengeance will be terrible.

We do not agree with our friend in relation to the hint in the last paragraph. American Trollopes, Halls, and Faddlers are scarce, and by no means conspicuous, having a decided dread of a ducking in a horse pond.

MORE LIBELS ON AMERICA.

Another work on America has recently appeared in Europe, not, however, from the pen of another English Trollope, but from that of M. Beaumont, a Frenchman, who made a hasty tour through this country, a few years since. The work is reviewed in the London Quarterly, and appears to be equally as absurd, in some of its allegations, as any book that has been published on the same subject. It is in the form of a novel, and the hero, Monsieur Ludovic, is represented as a young Frenchman, who, disgusted with the political condition of his own country, and smitten with a violent admiration for republican institutions, determines upon seeking a more congenial asylum in the United States. The plan of the picture is as follows.

He arrives in Baltimore where he is hospitably received by a Mr. Daniel Nelson, a principal citizen, and president of the Bible Society, the Temperance Society and the Colonization Society, who, after realizing a handsome fortune in commerce, has, late in life, assumed the office of a Presbyterian clergyman, and is represented as a pure and dignified specimen of the puritan Pilgrims, from one of whom he claims his descent. His family consists of a son and daughter—the former a noble youth, and the latter a most enchanting and beautiful girl, of whom Monsieur Ludovic, as might be expected, speedily becomes enamoured. In due time the heart of the lady is won, and the consent of the father solicited; and now comes the leading features of the story, and of M. de Beaumont's "Picture of American manners." Mr Nelson admonishes that the connexion would be extremely desirable, but declares that in justice to the pastor, he must forbid it. It seems that the mother of his children, whom he married in New Orleans, was remotely descended from a mulatto; and although every trace of this unhappy origin had disappeared in the lapse of more than a hundred years—although not even a suspicion of it could be detected in the noble features and radiant complexion of the young lady—still the fact might some day become known, and the lover must be assured that in such an event, although a marriage between him and Marie would be perfectly valid by the laws of the country, usage, and public opinion, more powerful than any law, would denounce it as an abomination, and he, his wife, his children and their descendants to the remotest generation, would be looked upon as outcasts and excluded from the society of the American people; and here, M. de Beaumont, speaking by the mouth of the reverend Mr. Nelson, utters the following exceedingly correct picture of American manners and morals.

"The bankrupt of Massachusetts finds honor and fortune in Louisiana, where no one inquires of what miseries he has been the cause in another place. *The inhabitant of New York, on whom the fetters of a first wedlock press disagreeably, leaves his first wife on the left bank of the Hudson, takes a new one on the right bank, and lives a tranquil bigamist in New Jersey. The thief and the forger, branded by the severe code of Rhode Island, discover without difficulty, both employment and consideration in Connecticut.* There is but one crime of which the culprit carries every where with him the punishment and the infamy: it is that of belonging to a family reputed to be *of color*. The color washed out, the disgrace remains; it seems as if they could divine it long after it has ceased to be visible; there is no asylum so sacred, no retreat so obscure, as to afford it shelter or shade."

Monsieur Ludovic of course disdains to be thwarted by this remote possibility of evil from a prejudice which he considers alike absurd and cruel, and declares his willingness either to run all risks with his Marie in America, or avoid them by a return to France. To this last proposition, Mr. Nelson will not listen; the ancestors had been driven from England by religious persecution, and therefore he has very sensibly resolved that no child of his shall ever set foot in any part of Europe if he can prevent it.—He is moved, however, by the generous devotion of the lover, and will therefore give him his daughter upon one condition: namely, that he shall employ six months in travelling through the States, and observing the actual condition of the colored race, and then, if he still desires it, the hand of Marie shall be his reward. To this M. Ludovic assents, of course, and immediately sets off upon his travels, accompanied by his future brother-in-law, George Nelson, a handsome, manly, noble fellow, with a skin of perfect red and white, notwithstanding the taint of blood he has derived from his great-great grandmother. The plot now thickens. At Philadelphia they encounter the second act of the story, a dark, half Spanish gentleman, whose path in life and love had been many years before crossed by Mr. Nelson, senior, and by whom the black drop of the blood of Mr. George is betrayed to the audience of one of the theatres, where he and M. Ludovic are quietly seated together in the pit. Mr. George is accordingly kicked out in the most summary manner, and M. Ludovic is shocked to discover that no court, either of law or honor, can afford redress for such an injury.

He continues his travels, and on the expiration of the appointed term, rejoins Mr. Nelson senior and the young lady, in New York, still resolved upon taking her to wife. The father no longer refuses his consent, and the bridal party repair to a Catholic Church, where the ceremony is first to be performed according to the religion of the bridegroom, and afterwards to be succeeded by another in the Presbyterian form. But scarcely has the nuptial benediction been pronounced when a popular insurrection excited by the rumor that a white man is in the act of marrying a girl of mixed descent, gives the rite a fearful interruption. The white population have risen en masse to put all the people of colour to death—a rush is made to the chapel—several churches and *theatres* frequented by the blacks are burnt to the ground—the priest has a narrow escape with his life—and Marie herself is only rescued by the desperate courage of her lover and brother. The father escorts them into the "*forest*" (whether at Hoboken or Harlem is not stated) and bids them fly to the shores of Lake Ontario, where he will join them as soon as he can arrange his worldly affairs. Such is M. de Beaumont's account of the abolition riots of last summer—solemnly confirmed by a separate but corroborating description thereof in the appendix.

The annexed are further extracts from Mr. Beaumont's work. Nothing can be more false and libellous than the assertions in the first paragraph.

"The facility of reaching the priesthood among the Americans stamps a very peculiar character on the protestant ministry; every man may, without any preparation or study worth speaking of, become a minister. The priesthood, in short, is a line of business into which one may enter at any time of life, in any rank of life, according to one's notions of convenience. He whom you behold at the head of a respectable congregation, began by keeping a *store* in the next street—he was unfortunate in his *store*, and took to the new trade of a *minister*. This gentleman, again, began with the priesthood, but as soon as he had cleared a certain sum, he left the pulpit for the counting house. Nothing binds him to his congregation, the moment his interest calls him elsewhere. *Nothing is more rare than to see a protestant minister with a hoary head.* The principal object which an American has in view in his sacred office is the worldly fortune of himself, his wife, his children. When he has materially improved his pecuniary condition, his end has been attained, and he then shuts up shop. The reader will of course understand that I do not apply all this to every protestant minister in America; by no means; I met with several whose sincere faith and ardent zeal were only equalled by their charity and contempt of all temporal interests; *I give the traits which characterize the great majority.*"

"That uniformity which reigns in their political world is equally apparent in their civil society. The relations of man with man have but one object—money; one sole interest—to get rich. The passion for money is born along with the dawnings of intellect, bringing in its train cold calculations and the dryness of cyphers. It grows, it develops itself, it establishes itself in the soul, and torments it without ceasing, as a burning fever agitates and devours the feeble frame of which it has gained possession. Money is the god of the United States, just as Glory is the god of France, and Love of Italy. But at the bottom of this violent passion it is impossible to discover any moral sentiment. Restricted to the relations of mere interest, American society is grave without having the imposing character of virtue. It inspires no respect—it chills all enthusiasm."

"Every evening we all met at tea-time, and Nelson read to us, with emphasis, the newspaper articles of the day, in which America was the most lavishly extolled. Every evening I heard him repeat that General Jackson was the greatest man of the age, New York the finest city in the world, the Capitol at Washington the most splendid palace in the universe and the Americans the first people upon earth. By dint of constantly reading these exaggerations, he had arrived at believing in them. Every American has an infinity of flatterers to whom he listens. He is flattered because he is sovereign—he swallows the flatteries because he is people. His annual courtiers are those who, at the recurrence of elections, shower their incense on him to obtain votes and places. His daily courtiers are the newspapers, which, eager for subscribers and money, pamper him with the grossest adulations. An American, however strongly you express your admiration of his country, is never entirely satisfied. Approbation in his eyes, if in any degree measured or guarded, is a hostile criticism—an unpardonable insult."

"An English diplomatist, not long ago, carried out a London carriage and harness to New York. Some accident, shortly after his arrival, required that he should send his *setout* to a coachmaker's; and calling by and by, what was his astonishment to find the people imitating his shield and crest on half a dozen gigs and dog carts belonging to he knew not whom! The coachmaker, on his asking some explanation of this, made answer 'that the patterns seemed to be much admired!'"

Northern Bank of Kentucky.—It will be recollected, that before the books for subscription to the stock of the *Northern Bank of Kentucky*, were opened in this city, it was understood that 10,000 shares were to be allotted to the cities of Philadelphia and New York. When the books were closed, it was found that upwards of 47,000 names had been registered on the books of this city, while less than 3,000 names were subscribed in New York. On ascertaining this fact, the commissioners residing in the latter city, *refused* to divide the 10,000 shares equally with our city commissioners, according to the number of name s registered, and, therefore, the subject was referred to the commissioners named in the charter, residents of Kentucky. They decided that the 10,000 shares were intended for the *two cities, jointly*, and that there being a surplus of names, the stock must be divided in proportion to the names entered in both cities, after being added together, thus leaving about one share to every five names. This decision was expected, and ought in our view to have afforded general satisfaction; but we have just learned that the New York commissioners have *refused* to abide by it, and in high dudgeon, sent on the books to Kentucky. It is now understood that one of the Kentucky commissioners will reach this city in about a week, when the stock due the Philadelphia subscribers will be allotted in conformity with the decision above referred to, and the surplus money returned to the subscribers. The sooner the matter is settled the better—it has already been too long in suspense.—*Bicknell.*

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser of June 8.

Another great Fire.—An extensive fire occurred this morning opposite St. Patrick's cathedral in the centre of the square formed on Prince, Mott, Houston and Elizabeth streets. It commenced at three o'clock, and before 6 about five and twenty houses were burned to the ground. There was one brick house among them, and the others fronting on the streets were either two story brick frouts or frame build ngs. Those in the rear were of wood, and the whole space was covered by a dense mass of buildings. The flames reduced to the ground all fronting on Prince street, and ran up to 221 Elizabeth, and to 228 Mott, and with the exception of a few Africans, were occupied by Irish laborers and their families; also as porterhouses, groceries, &c. &c.

Conjugal Bliss in Florida.—The Territory of Florida, it seems, is not far behind some of her old sisters in particular subjects of Legislation. For instance, in the article of divorces, she will compete with almost any of them, considering her age. In a late Tallahasee paper, we observed no less than ten acts of the last Legislature, for divorcing as many married couples! Among others, Martha Redman gets relieved from her bad man, Elisha Redman, and has leave to marry again. Hester Burke, not being fond of *Burking*, obtains a divorce from Thomas Burke; John Roberts having been *robbed* a year or two ago of his wife Betsey, who escaped with one Witherington, thus *withering* her husband's affections, procures the angelic knot to be severed; Robert Starr, (who it is supposed was a sort of a *Shooting Star,*) having "shot madly from his sphere," in his wife Lydia in revenge sues out a divorce; Elizabeth being "up to snuff" gets divorced from her husband, Green Upsegrove; and Mary Ann Child, getting tired of Child's play, obtains a divorce from her husband, though a Hale Child; alas, Indiana Cordelia S. Richards, not being over rich in gilded bliss, finds the yoke *hard* and breaks loose from her *rich hard* spouse, Walcott Richards. Likewise, Josephine Granpers Gagnet, who, it seems, has a mouth, and no notion of having a *gag in it*, has obtained a divorce from her husband, Lewis Gagnet. And the cream of it is, they all have permission to marry again!—*Mason Telegraph.*

From the Portland Advertiser.

A graphic picture of New York City.—There is much that is ludicrous in the motley crowds rushing through Broadway at different hours; but when the city is seen in one view, the sight is a solemn one. If you are called to depart, or if you by any chance arrive, in the dead of night, the vacancy and silence of the streets are exceedingly impressive. Two hundred and forty thousand people obeying the laws of nature, at least in repose. The dead of night, strictly speaking, lasts but a very short time in the principal thorough fares; for the termination of the play at about twelve, and of fashionable parties at one, keeps up a rumbling of carriages for an hour or two, until the most remote routes have been performed, and the horses are returned to their stables. After this is over, half hours and even hours of almost total silence sometimes intervene, while the watchman, in the dome of the City Hall, proclaims to the ears of the sick and the watchful that another day is approaching, whether desired or apprehended by them. A cannon is fired at break of day on Governor's Island; but before this the lines of milk, bread and butcher's carts are in motion, and some come rattling down the island from above, while others are collecting at the ferries on the Long Island and Jersey shores, and all are soon dinning the streets. From the heights of Brooklyn you may hear their rattling, increasing from feeble beginning, until joined by the drays proceeding from the north to the south part of the city to their stands, it swells into an uninterrupted roar, like the sound of Niagara at Queenston, to stop not till midnight. Some time after daylight, while the lamps at the steamboat docks are still glimmering, and those in the streets which, by mistake, have had oil enough, the first smoke begins to rise from the houses of laborers in the upper wards. Some five or ten early risers are just putting sparks to wood or coal; and their example is so contagious, that fires are speedily blazing in every house and almost every chimney in the city. In the cold season this is a singular sight; and when the wind is from the south in the morning, the heavy cloud which generally overhangs the city is blown northward, leaving the Battery in the light of the sun, while many of the other parts are deeply obscured. Soon after sunrise, floods of daily emigrants from the upper wards, meeting at Broadway and Canal street, pour down to the wharves, the mechanics' shops, and the house in building, many of them with convenient little tin kettles, containing their dinners and preparations for heating them, all bound to their work. Then comes the clerks of all degrees, the youngest generally first; and these, in an hour or thereabouts, give place to their masters, who flow down with more dignity, but scarcely less speed, to the counting rooms of the commercial streets, hundreds of them, especially in unfavorable weather, in the omnibuses, which render the streets so dangerous now and at 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Ere these crowds have disappeared, they become crossed and mingled with some of the fourteen thousand children who go to the public and primary schools at nine, and an unknown number who frequent the private schools of all sorts. Then are seen also the students of Columbia College and the University, the medicals in winter hurrying to Barclay street, lawyers, clients and witnesses gathering about the City Hall and the Marine and Ward Courts. & c."—*Things as they are*

From the Adams Sentinel.

Singular Circumstance.—As my boys and myself were removing some fodder, we found a nest with seven half-grown Rats. My boys, thinking they would make a feast for the old Cat, which had five kittens a few days before, they took them to her; some two or three days afterwards one of the boys, in examining the Cat and Kittens, found five of the Rats sucking her—he took them away and killed them. Perhaps a week after, my little daughter, in examining her Kittens, found another Rat sucking the old Cat—which was all that she had received safe, as one of them was injured or killed in taking them. What makes it appear still more strange is, that she was a remarkable good Cat for catching Rats.

DAVID WITHEROW.

Hamiltonban township, Adams county.

St. Michael's, Azores, April 24.—[Extract of a Letter.] An extraordinarily episode in our history has just occurred here. Yesterday a State prisoner, by the name of Forjach, and about 18 others, in irons in the Castle, and under sentence of death, having well matured their plot, suddenly rose upon their guards, overpowered the garrison, raised the drawbridge, and hoisted Don Miguel's flag. They fired upon every person within reach of their guns, and it was feared would fire on the town. The Miguelites are numerous in the country, and it was supposed they had some connexion with them. The Governor was absent, but three vessels were sent immediately to Terceira for troops. The whole town was in arms, not knowing what the men who had possession might do. About 3 o'clock, this morning however, apprehending want of food, or despairing of any success, they attempted to escape into the country, but volunteers, being on the alert, with fowling pieces and such arms as they could muster, poured upon them a deadly fire, which killed the chief of the conspirators, and drove nine others into St. Francis square, where they were shot. I have just returned thence, having seen seventeen bodies lying dead there. The city is again quiet, and we hope that the event will be attended with good results. Six or more heads will be sent to the different villages, in terrorem.

10 o'clock, P. M. Four men, who had been put into prison, were made this evening, to cut off the heads of seven and hands of one of the conspirators, and afterwards carry the bodies and throw them into a ditch, which being done, three of the four were then cruelly despatched and thrown into the ditch: the other escaped, through the mediation of a soldier. This atrocious and lawless act finds no justification, in the public fervent, but the shades of night had screened the perpetrators.—*Transcript.*

Epitome of the Times.

We learn that the Mayor has issued a proclamation, offering a reward of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the arrest and conviction of the persons who set fire to several buildings in various parts of the city during the night of Monday last.

We learn that *Benj. W. Richards*, Esq., has been unanimously elected President of the Girard Savings Institution, of this city.

It is said that Henry Pratt, Esq., has disposed of his splendid seat at Lemon Hill, to a company of New York speculators, for the sum of $180,000.

The Artist Fund Society has been fully successful. A munificent citizen of Philadelphia has offered a donation of one thousand dollars towards the erection of a hall for the exhibitions; to be paid when three thousand dollars have been raised by the society. For the honor of Philadelphia we hope that no difficulty will be found in raising the designated sum.

Valuable Property.—A very valuable property was sold at the Merchants' Exchange, on Tuesday. We allude to the lot of ground situate at the southeast corner of Walnut and Sixth streets, and at present occupied by the Walnut street Prison and Prune street apartment.

It contains in front on Walnut street 199 feet, and extends in depth on the east of 6th street, opposite Washington Square, 423 feet to Prune street, upon which it has a front of 199 feet, to be subject to a street 27 feet wide called Adelphi street, to be laid out at the distance of 220 feet south of Walnut street. It was sold for $119,099—or at the rate of $1,101 per foot. John Muse, Esq. was the purchaser.

On Thursday, William Swaim purchased that magnificent building, the Masonic Hall, the lot of ground one hundred and one feet on Chesnut street, and the gas establishment belonging to it, one of the best of its size in the world. The Grand Lodge has purchased another Hall, (Washington Hall,) into which it will move as soon as it is put in order.

Rail Road Accident.—While the cars were descending the inclined plane on Tuesday morning, the bolt flew out, one of the cars capsized, and threw Mr. Bate with such violence to the ground, that his life is despaired of. The passengers generally were walking.

On Thursday morning last, Mr. Blaney, high constable, arrested a man, calling himself Marthre, (with several aliases,) who was charged with robbing Dr. P. Blanchard, in New Orleans a few months since of two thousand dollars.

Last Wednesday night about 12 o'clock, Samuel Green, a waiter on board the steamboat Trenton, slipped off the gang plank while going on board, and immediately sunk and was drowned. It was supposed that he was hurt in the fall, so as to be unable to extricate himself.

It is said that the receipts of the Camden and Amboy Rail-Road Company for the month of March, amounted to the sum of $240,000!

We learn from the Norristown Register, that on Tuesday, the 2d inst., a powder mill, the property of John Geyer, Esq., of Sumneytown, Montgomery county, took fire and exploded, by which one of the workmen, Mr. Jacob Larkens lost his life. He was in the mill at the time of the accident, and survived about two hours after. Both his legs were broken, and he was burnt and mangled in a shocking manner.

A dastardly attack was made upon Mr. W. H. Attree, one of the reporters for the New York Courier, while he was on a visit to Hoboken on Saturday last.

Health of New Orleans.—Ninety-one interments took place in New Orleans during the week ending the 25th ult., being two less than the previous week. The papers do not state what number perished of Cholera.

It is *rumored* that a celebrated *Journalist* is writing a new play, in which *she* is shortly to *appear* as the *heroine*, the *opinion* of the *bags* to the contrary notwithstanding.

The following is a literal copy of a letter sent to a medical gentleman, not far distant from Blackburn:—*Cer.*—Yole oblige me if yole kum un ce me I hev a Bad kowld un Hill in my Bow Bills and hev lost my Happy Tight."

The Washington papers are filled with the *bella, horrida bella* of the workmen belonging to the establishments of the Globe and Telegraph, there having been a rencontre between them almost as fierce as the wordy conflicts of the editors.

Leap.—A lad sixteen years old, jumped out of a 4th story window at Nashua, N. H. on Sunday night last, without hurting himself. He was asleep when he performed the exploit, but whether it awakened him, is not mentioned.

Punning Extraordinary.—A friend of ours received the following communication through the Post Office:—"If Abel had been able to cane Cain, Cain would not have been able to cane Abel;—Abel would therefore been Cane-Able.—Cane-Abel."

Caution to Printers.—Mr. Baddy, the celebrated ventriloquist, and Mr. Stanley, the vocalist, from the New York Theatres, exhausted this town, between two days, without paying their bills. Printers throughout the United States may render a public service by noticing this fact.—*Salem Gaz.*

Good Natured Editors.—Dibdin says, "I believe that if the devil were to die, London newspapers would express their regret at the event."

To be sure they would. If they did not, some friend of the deceased would very soon salute them with an order to "stop my paper."—*Balt. Repub.*

The first passage over the whole length of the Boston and Providence Rail Road, was made from Providence to Boston last week. The cars were drawn by horses.

A Man gone over Niagara Falls.—Two men, who were attempting a few days since to pass from Grand Island to the Canada shore, were forced into the rapids near the great cataract, and—they both jumped out of the boat. One of them was rescued by the people on the shore, but the other, a Mr. Brady, was hurried over the falls and was seen no more.

Awful Effects of Rum.—Daniel Cannon, aged about 33 years, who lived in Thirteenth above Wood street, on Sunday met an acquaintance named Brady, who bantered him as to his ability to drink. B. offered to treat to a pint if C. would drink it. They went into a shop to procure it: and Cannon took a *pint* of strong gin, and drank it off at once. He was unable to walk home, or even to speak. He was attended by three physicians, but died in about 12 hours.

In the midst of the brutal butcheries by the two contending armies in Spain, the fire of old Castilian chivalry bursts forth in pristine beauty. The Carlist general of cavalry, O'Donnell, has challenged Isabella's general, Lopez, to meet him in single combat, with a chosen band of picked men, as attendants. The challenge is accepted in as handsome terms as it was offered.

A Forger Convicted.—A man named Elijah Hind, was recently tried at Petersburg, Va., on a charge of having committed forgery, found guilty, and sentenced to two year's imprisonment in the penitentiary.

A correspondent of the New York Gazette expresses a belief, that when the Long Island rail road shall have been completed, the time for travelling from New York to Boston will not exceed nine hours.

The New York Gazette states, that John J. Astor, of that city, is worth near ten millions of dollars. He sold out one concern, about two years since, for a million and a half.

A most painful accident occurred last Monday at the Military Academy at West Point. Two of the cadets, were amusing themselves at leaping, when, in the heat of the play, the foil of one was thrust into the eye of the other, and penetrating to the brain, inflicted a wound of which the unfortunate cadet (a son of Captain Carter, of Virginia) died in a few hours. The anguish of mind experienced by the survivor is, we understand, so intense that the liveliest apprehensions are entertained that grief will wholly overthrow his reason. The two cadets were intimate friends, and were practising at their foils for mere sport, before a number of their companions. The classmates of the deceased entered into a subscription to erect a suitable monument to the memory of their ill-fated associate.

At a theatrical exhibition in a barn in a village near Cincinnati, Ohio, last week, the receipts were twelve shillings and eight pence, with which the treasurer eloped.

Nicholas, the autocrat and czar of Russia, is described as the handsomest man of Europe—his figure over 6 feet, and antique and classical, particularly when mounted. He is very fond of his navy, which is manned by Fins and Swedes, and is extremely popular in the army. His imperial ukase is the law, without the intervention of privy councils, houses of lords or commons, or the expression of public opinion. What a delightful condition of things!

Tight Boots.—No man need wish his enemy a worse evil than tight boots. In these days, when the Chinese custom is so generally imitated, one half the community are rendered wretched by the agonizing application of close boots to feet made tender by previous torture. They limp through life from the cradle to the grave; tread upon the ground as if they were afraid of the earth caving in beneath them; and throughout a whole existence scarce know what it is to take a step in life without a twinge of torture.

French Ear.—A peculiarity in the physiognomy of many of the French people is the formation of the ear. Most of the people of other civilized nations, have the rim of the ear well turned over and inwards, like the hem of a garment. Many of the French people, it may be observed, have ears with the rim flattened out, or formed as if it had been pared off.—Hence the French ear has a more circular shape than the ear of an Englishman—and is not so beautiful as the latter.

A bran new article.—A country would-be dandy called in at a public house in the borough, a few days since, to refresh himself; and after taking half a pint of Spunzler & Marshall's best beer, inquired of the hostess if she had any cigars. "We have none but Spanish," replied the lady. "Spanish!" exclaimed the customer; "that must be a bran new article. If you had some good *smokin'* cigars, I wouldn't much mind buyin' a cent's worth."—*Perry Forester.*

Stage Accident.—A sad accident occurred on the road between Baltimore and Washington on the evening of the third inst. One of the Safety Line overtook a stage coach belonging to the Mail Line, when the Safety Line, (as is stated by the Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce,) drove against the Mail coach and tilted it over a precipice fifteen or twenty feet high. The coach was dashed to pieces, the horses were much injured, and the driver and passengers seriously hurt. The "Safety" driver was arrested the next morning and held to bail.

The Newark shoemakers, too, have made a strike! —What striking times we live in.

The London Times says that out of the six hundred and odd members of the House of Commons, there are only one hundred and fifty Constitutional Whigs, but that the "Destructives," English and Irish, muster two hundred members. It compares Lord Melbourne's Government to a comet, with a body hardly visible, but a tremendous tail.

The net public income of Great Britain and Ireland for the year ending on the 5th of January, 1835, was forty-six millions and a half pounds sterling.—The expenditure for the same period was forty-five millions, leaving a surplus of a million and a half.

The "silent system" lately introduced into some of the prisons in London, works wonders. Persons whose faces had been constantly familiar to the turnkeys,—they seldom passing more than one or two days at a time at large—have, on their discharge, declared that they would take care not to come back again. Many known London thieves are said to be making the circuit of the counties.

A Meritorious Functionary.—The Journal of Commerce states that a gentleman incidentally mentioned a fact to the editors a day or two since, with which we were very much gratified, viz: that every Sabbath, the Attorney General of the United States, Benjamin F. Butler, Esq. is seen at the head of a class in Washington as a Sunday School teacher. There are men in the world far less distinguished than Mr. Butler, who would think it beneath them to engage in such a calling. But Mr. B. has learned to put more just estimate upon the character of the employment. There is no higher honor than to be engaged in the service of *the King of Kings.*—*N. Y. Transcript.*

Ingenious Sign.—The shopkeepers in this city show much ingenuity in the means they adopt to attract attention to their wares, but we have not seen any where a contrivance better calculated to answer the desired end than a sign which a fashionable draper and tailor in Broadway has put up—or rather put down. He has had down a slab of white marble in the pavement before his door, in which his name and business, and several pithy phrases, calculated to attract attention, are wrought, in letters of black marble let into the white. The eyes of passers by are almost invariably caught by this novel device, and more attention is drawn to this new establishment than twenty signs of the ordinary kind, however, gaudily painted and gilded, would have attracted.—*N. Y. Post.*

A late London paper says, "the newly invented portable rail road, by Mr. Lewis Gompers, made some sensation. It consists of eight straight bars moveably joined by an axis to each other so as to envelope the wheel, forming a polygon around it, the wheel rolling with it, while each comes successively to the ground, the polygon constantly changing its shape as it goes. It must therefore be a little longer to contain the wheel properly, so that it can admit three feet at a time to touch the ground."

Pugilism.—It appears that the foreign pugilists and their friends are determined to persevere in introducing this *accomplished* art into our country, in despite the laws, and the efforts of the civil authorities. We understand that Reed, one of the men who fought several months since near Elizabethtown, and another Englishman named Barrett, had a set-to last week, at Hart's Island; about 30 miles up the sound. We learn that they fought forty rounds in about one hour and an half, when the crowd broke into the ring and beat the second of one of the men. This put a stop to further proceedings, and after a good deal of disputing among the friends of the combatants, it was finally agreed that each party should draw his stakes. Reed, it is said, was much more severely punished than his antagonist.

Boys and Girls.—Col. Webb of the Courier and Enquirer, noticing the complaint of a late correspondent of this paper, respecting the naughty behaviour of certain lads towards young females in our streets, considers it hardly fair to blame the youngsters for "running after the Nantucket girls," so alluring are their attractions. The lasses, however, they begin the chase too soon. The unfledged goslings should wait until they acquire at least an armful of bodily substance of their own—not go to scampering and shambling round the corners, all legs and arms, the moment their mothers have stitched flaps to their jackets!—*Nantucket Inquirer.*

Hail Storm.—A severe storm fell in Virginia on Monday evening last, commencing at five, and lasting till eleven o'clock. One account states that its ravages were felt from Fluvanne to Charles city. The stones varied from the size of a hen's egg to that of a small bird's—some of them measured eleven to twelve inches in circumference. The damage to wheat, clover, corn, &c. is great; one farm alone suffered to the amount of five or six thousand dollars. Other accounts describe its effects as very devastating, and widely extended—in some places the hail falling all night.

The Convent Rioters.—Aaron Hadley, Nathaniel Budd, jr. Prescott P. Pond, and Alv

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Published at the Saturday Evening Post, by Robt. T. Rick. Office of the Reporter, Counterfeit Detector, and Prices Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 12, 1835.

		Sugar-house	47 49
	5 00	do. N. York	48 50
	6 50 7 00	do. Philad.	48 49
		do. Steam	46 50
		Trinidad	39
		Porto Rico	41 [illegible]
	10 11	English Island	38 [illegible]
	8 9½	Havana Muscovado	38 [illegible]
		MACKEREL	
	4 50 4 75	No. 1,	bbl 7 25 7 37½
	4 50 4 75	No. 2,	6 75 7 00
Duty free.		No. 3,	5 624
		OIL	
		Linseed, Am. from store,	1 16 1 19
		do. Dutch,	1 23
		Whale, gal.	43
		Sperm, winter,	95 1 00
		do. common	90
Duty 5 cts per gall.		WHALE FAT	
		In Delaware, ton	2 50 2 62½
		In Schuylkill	2 50 2 62½
		CEDAR,	
		do. lower, bush	3 50 4 25
		Flaxseed, rough	1 90
		do. clean, cask	
		Timothy,	bbls 1 50 2 75
		Herds,	bush
		Orchard grass,	2 00
	3 50 3 62½	WHISKEY	
	4 50 4 62½	Rye, in bbls	35
	3 61 3 75	do. in hhds	33½ 34
	3 87½ 4 00	do. from wagons	33
17 75 18 00		WOOL,	
		Prime, Saxony fleece	
	86 88	Am. merino, full blood	63
	83 85	Am. mesh. full blood	50 55
1 26 1 27		do. ¾ blood	48 47
1 25 1 28		do. ½ blood	37 40
80 81		do. ¼ and com.	33 35
83	85	Am. unwash. full blood	25 30
81	83	do. ¾ blood	23 25
45	50	do. ½ blood	21 23
50	60	do. ¼ and com.	16 20
50	60	Super. pulled lambs	50 55
50	60	No. 1, do.	42 45
		No. 2, do.	30 35
15	16	No. 1 & 2, do.	30 35
		Spanish, B. F. & S	
32	33	do. lambs	75 1 00

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA

saturday, June 13, 1835.

☞ Look at the Terms on the last page—*There has been no change in them for many years past.*

☞ Mr. William B. Dunn, has been appointed one of the collectors for the city and vicinity, in the place of John S. Farmer, resigned.

We have frequently had occasion to allude to the negligence of some postmasters, who suffer papers to be received in their offices for many weeks and months without being called for. Sometimes papers are returned to the publisher after having been deprived of every vestige of the wrapper, and of all clue whereby the address might be discovered; and this return of papers the postmaster considers a sufficient reason to discontinue, while the publisher has not the smallest clue to ascertain the post-office from which they have been sent. Letter notices should never be sent to the publisher, when a paper lies dead in a post-office, and if not promptly attended to, the paper should be forwarded. In future, we earnestly hope that all postmasters will strictly adhere to the rule, as it will save us much vexation and loss. We have heavy grievances of the above character to charge against the offices at Salem and Woodstown, N. J., and at Victor, N. Y.

THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.

No stranger should leave our city, until he has visited that magnificent building on the corner of Third and Walnut street, known as the Merchants' Exchange. It covers a large space of ground, is constructed on the most approved and convenient plan of the best materials, and finished in a superior style of workmanship. The rooms in the basement story are occupied for the post-office and various offices for brokers, &c., and the second story is devoted to the purposes of an Exchange and Reading Room, where our merchants daily congregate for the transaction of business. The large saloon on this floor, is probably the finest room in the city, and its embellishments never fail to elicit the admiration of all visitors. On the top of the building there is a cupola, from which a fine view of the river, the city and adjacent districts, is obtained.

The Exchange is under the superintendence of Mr. J. Coffee, a polite and affable gentleman, who is held in high esteem by the merchants of the city.

The Horticultural Exhibition commenced at the Assembly Hall, on Wednesday last, and attracted crowds of the beauty and fashion of our city. The display of flowers and plants was unusually rich and delightful. Among the fruits and vegetables we noted cherries, strawberries, potatoes, cucumbers, peas, &c. of a remarkably fine and tempting appearance. The general arrangements of the exhibition, seemed to give entire satisfaction. These displays of the products of our soil, are becoming more popular every year.

We were much pleased to notice in the collection, a variety of wax fruits, seventy in number, presented by Mr. Samuel Reeve, Salem, N. J. If the plan of using fruits cast in wax, of the natural size, and coloured according to nature, were generally adopted by nursery-men, the confusion consequent upon having several names to one variety, would be avoided. We hope this suggestion will meet attention.

The exhibition of the wonderful Fleas, which has excited so much attention in New York, is now located with the American Museum, corner of Third and Chesnut streets. The other attractions of the Museum are, an exhibition of Glass Blowing, and a fine collection of natural curiosities.

The performances of the fleas are not a little curious. One is seen driving a miniature sulkey, others dressed as musicians in a ball room, were two couple fleas are dancing, others on horseback—some drawing teams, and heavy weights, and some in various other positions, according to the will of the exhibitor. Much ingenuity is displayed in the various vehicles, &c. with which the fleas are connected, and the whole exhibition strikes the beholder as marvellous, if only from the consideration that insects so small are made subservient to the whims of man.

A law department, designed to prepare students for admission to the bar, is connected with Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa. It is under the care of Judge Hepburn, a gentleman every way qualified for the rank and official advantages of no ordinary character to the law student. Students are received at any season of the year.

Some curious disclosures relating to the fate of Mrs. Alston, daughter of Aaron Burr, will be found in another column, copied from the Mobile Register.

The masters of this port have struck for higher wages. They demand eighteen dollars per month. A long procession, with a banner, passed through the streets on Wednesday last.

An Arcade building has been sold, with a view to its conversion to some other use, it will be necessary for the Trustees of the Philadelphia Museum to remove their valuable collection of specimens in the departments of Nature, Science and Art, to some other place. In view of this change, they are desirous of enlisting the co-operation of the public, to enable them to engage more commodious apartments, so as to connect with the Museum, Lectures on popular subjects, and a Library and Reading Room. The present rooms will only display about one-half of the curiosities in possession of the Trustees, and to accomplish their purpose of securing a more desirable location, they have adopted the following resolutions:

1st. A gentleman or lady subscribing fifty dollars, shall be entitled for life to a ticket of free admission, to self and the immediate domestic family, of which he or she is the head, to the Lectures, Library, and Reading Room, and Museum day and night, but this shall not extend to keepers of hotels, boarding houses or schools.

2d. That a subscriber of thirty dollars shall be entitled during life, to all the advantages of the Museum; and if a gentleman, to have the privilege of introducing with him a lady, and if a lady, to introduce with her a lady or gentleman at each visit.

3d. That subscribers of twenty dollars shall be entitled to all the advantages of the Museum during their lives.

4th. Donations to any amount will be thankfully received, and the names of all those who shall give $100 or upwards, with the amounts annexed, shall be inscribed upon marble in a conspicuous situation, to be perpetually preserved as a memorial of the patrons of the institution.

It is hoped that these liberal proposals will be met by a corresponding liberality on the part of the community. The Museum is justly the pride of the city, and it should be a matter of pride with our citizens to obtain a building for the exhibition, worthy the rich collection of curiosities which it embraces.

The excitement among our mechanics seems to have nearly abated, the object for which the strike was made having been obtained by the acquiescence of the master workmen generally, in their request. The journeymen masons, carpenters, &c., now commence work at 6 o'clock in the morning, and quit at 6 in the evening; an arrangement which cannot fail to contribute materially to the mental improvement of those who are disposed to avail themselves of the leisure time thus afforded.

The City Councils, and Corporations of the districts, promptly acceded to the request of the working-men, in establishing the ten hour system on all public works. The Commissioners of Southwark, also advanced the pay of their labourers from 87½ cts. per day, to one dollar.

Some attempts have been made to turn the excitement among mechanics, to a political account, but they were, very properly, frowned down.

YELLOW SPRINGS.

Among the many delightful places of resort, during the summer season, in the vicinity of Philadelphia, we know of none entitled to more consideration, than the Yellow Springs, of Chester county, about thirty miles from the city. Apart from the medicinal virtues of the waters, which are highly approved by valetudinarians, we know of no section of the country more pleasant and agreeable to the admirer of nature. The face of the country is undulating, the land rich and fertile, beyond example in Pennsylvania, the scenery beautiful and imposing, and the air as pure as the fragrance from cultivated fields and clover meadows. Altogether, the physical attractions of the place and vicinity are strong, to the romantic as well as to the sentimental, to the robust and hale, who love a ramble over heavy ridges, as well as to the weak and infirm, who enjoy the quiet of a shady and retired grove.

The hospitalities of the place are tendered the visitor by Mrs. Holman, a lady who enjoys an enviable reputation for facility in promoting the gratification of those who sojourn under her roof. The place has recently been refitted, and will shortly be opened for the reception of boarders. No one who visits it can fail of being gratified.

The subject of Life Insurance is beginning to attract some attention in this country. In England Life Insurance offices are numerous, and they are said to be productive of many advantages to the people. The plan adopted is as follows:—A man, say 42 years of age, pays 3 1-2 dollars per annum, and at his death a hundred dollars is paid to his legal representatives, and so for any larger amount at the same rate of 3 1-2 per cent. A yearly dividend is made of perhaps 25 per cent. on the premium. Thus a man who pays 50 dollars premium, may receive 12 1-2 dividend, which he can withdraw or add to the sum insured. If he wishes at any time to withdraw, the company is bound to purchase his interest, or if he finds himself unable to pay yearly, he becomes entitled to an annuity. These policies may be sold. The whole institution is conducted on the most economical principles, and somewhat resembles savings banks. Every state should have one, and every working and salary man should be insured.

Notwithstanding the many severe admonitions which are given our young men, in relation to the danger of trifling with female affections, instances of prosecutions for breaches of marriage promise, come before us every week. It is reasonable to suppose that the fear of heavy damages ought to have a powerful effect in inducing young men to be cautious; but whether the fact be owing to the circumstance that most individuals do not like to marry until they are ready, or that in a great majority of the prosecutions for breach of promise, one party is as much deserving of censure as the other, it is no less true, that suits at law for the recovery of money in the place of affection, are by no means few nor far between. We find an illustration in the Troy Whig, which informs us that Miss Mary A. Tubbs, has recovered five hundred dollars of Mr. David Harris, for refusing to be yoked with her according to law. It appeared from the evidence, that Mr. H. had visited Miss T. for about two years—during the latter part of which time he had become so intimate as to extend his visits from two to three o'clock in the afternoon to ten at night, and to address Miss T. as "Mary," instead of "Miss Tubbs." The 28th of January was fixed for the wedding day; but a day or two before that time, defendant called upon the plaintiff, and then for the first time communicated to her, that a change had come over the spirit of his affections, and gave as a reason, that his mother was unwilling, that he, being partly French, should marry an American girl. From that time the visits of the defendant were abruptly discontinued; and a few weeks afterwards he married a young girl, sixteen years of age, of French extraction, living in Lansingburgh, by the name of Margaret Deaubrix. The plaintiff was 21 years of age on the 12th of April last.

The Hydro-Oxygen Microscope, is still at the Philadelphia Museum.

A town meeting of citizens, friendly to the interests of mechanics, was held in this city, on Saturday last. The following resolutions, on the subject of female labour—proposed by Dr. Draper, in connection with others relating to male artizans—were unanimously adopted. The subject is deserving of especial consideration, as there can be no question that the price of female labour is disproportionately small.

And whereas in the female branches of sewing, making clothes, &c., there is much privation, want and suffering, in consequence of the lowness of the prices which they receive for their daily toil, therefore

Resolved, That we highly disapprove of the speculation which is carried on upon their virtuous and honest labour.

Resolved, That the ladies of Philadelphia be recommended to adopt such measures as may secure to their sisters in humanity, a fair compensation for their industry.

We observe in a late Rahway (N. J.) paper, that Jons B. Scales, Esq. of New York, has commenced a course of lectures on American History, at the Athenian Academy of that place. The first lecture is spoken of as having proved deeply interesting to the audience, a statement we do not question, having some knowledge of Mr. Scales's extensive literary acquirements. The subject of the lecture was the first exploration of North America by the Cabots in 1497, and the colonization of Virginia, from the landing at Sir Walter Raleigh. The following paragraphs are given as the substance of a portion of Mr. Scales's remarks.

"The Americans have good reason to be proud of their ancestry, and to dwell with gratification upon the early history of their country. The history of no European land presents a brighter array of mental energy, chivalrous valour, heroic self-devotion, and enlightened patriotism; or affords a more ample variety of striking incidents; or is better stored with the materials of philosophic inquiry, and instructive political and moral observation. It has been too much the practice, even of Americans, to neglect the early colonial history of their country, and to consider its interest as commencing with the events immediately preceding the Revolution. But this is a great error, and one that should be speedily corrected for our own sake. The early colonial history of our country is full of interest, and cannot be studied without imparting many an important lesson. It shews us the fervent, but well disciplined love of liberty, which characterized our ancestors—a love of liberty subjected to the control of practical wisdom; and directed and moderated in its zeal, by an equal attachment to the salutary restraints of sound laws, and the preservation of social order. It shews us at what an early period they commenced their opposition to the usurpations and oppressions of the mother country; with what firmness, prudence, and fidelity, they maintained their rights, and protected them from every species of encroachment; how they labored to enlighten the popular mind; how well they understood the principles for which they contended, and how competent they were—to even meet in the field of argument and combat with the weapons of logic, the most skilful defenders of the obnoxious doctrines, which at a later day, were again advanced, and in labored justification of the measures of Bute, Grenville, and North."

* * * * * * *

"In observing the disastrous circumstances which attended the planning of this Colony, and the signal success that crowned the untiring perseverance of its founders, does it not teach us not to be discouraged or deterred from similar efforts, because it may be our lot to meet with similar calamities? In no scenes of enterprise, is that resolution which not only rises superior to common obstacles, but is prepared for every combination of disaster, so indispensible, as those of penetrating the wilderness, and braving the mingled terrors of savage hostility, pestilence, and the disastrous and sufferings incident to extreme hardship, and a deficiency of the necessaries of life the melancholy but almost unavoidable accompaniments of every first attempt at Colonization. By unshrinking firmness, unyielding tenacity, and persevering exertion, these evils were surmounted in our land, and the germ of an empire preserved and cherished into full expansion. Why may we not reasonably anticipate, that the same firmness, tenacity, and exertion in other lands—where the obstacles to be combated are certainly not more than equal—will be rewarded with the triumph of a like success?

THE STRIKE.

A friend of ours was sadly perplexed last week, in consequence of the strike among operatives, for hours. Desirous of leaving the city, on Saturday last, he stepped into a barber's shop to have his chin shaven, but found that the journeymen "Knights of the Razor," had made a strike, being determined to shave from 6 to 6, and no longer. As his beard was too long to go into the presence of his lady-love, he was obliged to scrape it off himself, in the best manner he was able, and this was not accomplished until divers smooth gashes were inflicted on his face.

With his face embellished with various patches of court-plaster, he proceeded to a livery stable, for his horse, but found no one present but the keeper, who, with a long face, informed the gentleman that all his hands had struck, and that he was obliged to be stable-boy, ostler, groom and driver himself, four occupations which he found it very difficult to fill, at the same time, without keeping some of his customers waiting. Here was another dilemma, as embarrassing as the first. The stable keeper was already pledged to accommodate three previous calls, and our friend, though a good rider, had never been taught the art of flourishing a curry-comb. Nevertheless, as necessity is the mother of invention, and our friend an individual not minutely dazed from his purpose by trifles, the horse was brought out, curry-combed after a manner, and bridled and saddled ditto, so that the lady expectant was not disappointed.

A portion of the foregoing we know to be true, and it would be a pity to spoil the effect of the whole by insinuating that the remainder is not equally veritable.

Commodore Henley, Commander of the U. S. West India Squadron, died at Havanna, on the 23d May. His remains were taken to Pensacola, on the following day, in the U. S. Sloop of War, Vandalia.

The Boston Fusileers, an old and well disciplined company, arrived in this city, on their way to Washington, on Wednesday last. They made their quarters at the armory of the National Greys, opposite the Exchange. The Fusileers are commanded by Capt. J. W. Champney. Their dress is very beautiful. The Boston Brass Band accompanies the corps.

A destructive fire broke out in the city of Charleston, S. C. on the morning of June 6th. It commenced at half past 12 o'clock, and spread with great fury in in every direction, for about nine hours. Four entire squares were laid in ruins. The number of dwelling-houses and stores destroyed, has been estimated at 282, including out-buildings 276. The fire is attributed to an incendiary. The loss of property is immense.

We are indebted to our attentive correspondent at Liverpool, for files of late English and Irish papers, from which we shall be enabled to glean a number of interesting miscellaneous items.

The Indemnity affair with France appears to be still unsettled. It is said that Mr. Livingston regards the passage of the bill, as amended, as a rejection of the treaty, and was preparing to leave Paris for the United States, satisfied that President Jackson would offer no explanation, as called for by the bill. The Courrier Francoise says:—"Mr. Livingston loudly asserts that neither the present President of America nor his successor, whoever he may be, will consent to retract or explain the message of President Jackson, and that, moreover, his (Mr. Livingston's) return to America would in all likelihood be followed by the passage of a non-intercourse bill with regard to France."

We see it stated in letters from France, that Mr. Livingston had circulated among the American residents of Paris, a paper approving of his course at the court, to which very few signatures had been obtained. Further particulars in relation to France, will be found in another column.

We subjoin a few extracts from our English files.

The number of persons charged at the London Police-offices with drunkenness, in 1831, is one third less than in 1833; the total in 1833 being 29,820, in 1831, 19,879.

A new Almack's is about to be established in the Hanover-square Rooms, under the auspices of the Princess Augusta, the Langravine of Hesse Homberg, and other ladies of distinction. It is to be superintended by Captain Marshall, the Master of the Ceremonies at Cheltenham.

Gaming Houses in London.—St. James' street may now be said to exhibit, from one end to the other, a series of these dens of infamy, adapted to all ranks and ages; and it is quite notorious, that while the man of rank is making his thousand on the west side of the street, his servants are following the same disreputable calling on the east. For, besides the hells in Pickering-place, where recent experience has shown that life is not safe in that quarter, there are a success on of houses lighted up and open all night, to some of which houses known thieves avowedly resort, and where Jew receivers attend to negotiate for the purchase of the fruits of past robberies, and to assist in planning new ones. It is confidently alleged that most of the recent large robberies, which have been so frequent, have been either at first or last connected with the owners or proprietors of one or more of these places.

The reconstruction of Athens progresses. The first plan, which reserved half the old city for the purposes of excavation, and kept it free from the building of houses, has been abandoned, as nuisous to the already too much distressed inhabitants. Liberty has been granted to build every where; 2000 houses are already standing, and 200 more are in progress; while in 1832 they amounted to not more than 700 or 800.

Notions of the Americans.—In travelling through the country, I have desired the drivers of coaches and the captains of steam and canal boats, to direct me to the best hotels in the towns where I have had occasion to stop; and there I must have fallen in with many American gentlemen at the public dining-tables, and yet, to the credit of the American character, I have not met with an individual who has attempted to arrogate superiority over me in one way or another. In America, as long as you behave yourself like a gentleman, you are treated on all occasions as an equal. I have already spoken of the treatment of travellers by hotel-keepers, coach-proprietors, steam and canal captains, as very praiseworthy. Americans may justly aspire to be regarded as equal to any other nation in this department.—*Journal of an Excursion in the United States and Canada.*

Some idea of the vast importance of the coal region of Pennsylvania, may be gained from the following facts:

The Lehigh or Anthracite mines sent to the market in 1820 but 365 tons, but in 1831, after the canals and rail roads came into use, 374,222 tons, of which 106,500 were from the Lehigh and 234,243 from the Schuylkill, and 43,700 from the Lackawana mines. The Lehigh company employ on the Lehigh canal and Delaware 275 boats—on the Morris canal are 350 boats. The number of vessels laden with coal at Philadelphia and Bristol in 1831 was 169. The number of coal vessels that cleared from the river Schuylkill in 1834, was 72 brigs, 1192 schooners, 420 sloops. The value of the property of the Anthracite coal mines in collieries, cars, lands, boats, warehouses, &c. is over 19 million of dollars. The Anthracite mines cover 975 square miles; the bituminous, which are more valuable and not much worked as yet, 21,000 square miles. The consumption of Anthracite in 1842, it is thought, will be 10 millions and a half of tons, or over 52 millions dollars!

THEATRICAL.

Chesnut street Theatre.—Madame Celeste, the celebrated dancer, commenced an engagement at this theatre, for a few nights, on Monday last. She is a decided favorite with the admirers of pantomime and melo-dramatic scenes, and draws good houses. The pieces in which she appears, and which were written expressly for her, are very effective on the stage.

Walnut street Theatre.—The celebrated dogs Hector and Bruin, were introduced on the stage of this house, on Monday evening. The house was crowded, and the exhibition, which was of an unusual and extraordinary character, appeared to give general satisfaction. The performances of the dogs are really wonderful, and evidence an unusual degree of intelligence. Mr. Blanchard, the man monkey, is fulfilling an engagement at this theatre. He appears to possess all the natural abilities of the monkey species, and twists and turns, runs and leaps, with wonderful facility. His performances on Tuesday evening were truly astonishing, the various curious positions to which he placed himself, leading to the supposition that he was all muscle and no bone. Of course the curiosity of the play-goers is excited.

The legitimate drama seems to have been laid on the shelf for the present.

The Right of Suffrage.—We learn from the Detroit papers, that on the 28th ult., the Convention to form a Constitution for the State of Michigan, established the qualifications of voters at all elections to be held in the New State. The right of suffrage is extended to all white male inhabitants, above the age of twenty-one years, who have resided two years in the United States, and six months in the state. Inhabitants not naturalized, and not now residents in the state, are required to renounce their allegiance to any foreign state, and to declare their intention to become citizens before they can vote. But all inhabitants, above the age of twenty-one, who resided in Michigan on the fourth of April last, are always hereafter entitled to vote at all elections.

D'Israeli, the author of Vivian Grey, and Mr. Labouchere, Master of the Mint, were competitors for a seat in Parliament, at a recent election in England. Both gentlemen made speeches from the hustings, and during the remarks of D'Israeli, some wag in the crowd called him a "curiosity of literature." He answered as follows:

"I hope there is no disgrace in having written that which has been read by thousands of my fellow countrymen, and which has been translated into every language of civilized Europe. I trust that one who is an author by the gift of nature, may be as good a man as one who is Master of the Mint by the gift of Lord Melbourne. [Loud cheers.] The difference is this:—a year hence I shall still, if I am alive, be the author of Vivian Grey; but a year hence my honorable opponent will not fill the office he now holds, even though the salary is only £2,000 a year. ["You want it yourself, do you?"] Not unless you wish to be always represented by a Master of the Mint. [Loud cheers.] He would recommend his adventures to take care that their attacks upon him were original. He really thought it evinced any thing but a feeling of confidence in their own strength, to take anonymous articles from London newspapers, and make them charges against him. He was a man of such extreme good nature, and had such an innate love of fun, that had no other person been found willing or able, he should have been very happy to have written a lampoon himself against himself. [Cheers and laughter.] It was unnecessary for him to answer the editor of the Sun ("or the Chronicle.") He had certainly written a novel, but he was not the puppet of the Duke of Buckingham, as one paper had described him, while a fellow labourer in the same vineyard designated him next morning the Mary-le-bonne Radical. [Cheers.] If there were any thing on which he prized himself, it was his consistency." [A voice—and the novel.]

The accomplished writer was, however, defeated by his whig opponent.

COMMUNICATION.

LECOUNT'S REFECTORY.

Mr. Editor.—I called the attention of your readers last week, to a new article of Soup, prepared by Le Count, at 5th and Chesnut streets, and have since learned that he calls it *Oriental Soup*. It is an excellent article, and is highly approved by those who are good judges of good eating. This, however, is not the only attraction of Isaiah's Refectory, as the epicure will find the place well stocked with all the luxuries of the season, served up in the most obliging manner. In these matters Lecount has no superior in the city. P. P. P.

COMMUNICATION.

CHESNUT ST. THEATRE.

Mademoiselle Celeste takes a Benefit at this theatre this evening, and is to support characters as well suited to her extraordinary powers, as calculated, from their intrinsic merits, to gratify the audience. The long, and justly celebrated career of the Benefiteary, is well known to the community before whom she has appeared in some of the most arduous casts of the drama. This evening she performs in the Spectre Bride, considered by all discriminating judges, her *Chef d'oeuvre*. In addition to which, it will be recollected that this is her last engagement for some time to come, and therefore her friends, as well as those who have never witnessed her performances, should avail themselves of the opportunity now offered, to see Mad. Celeste in one of the most brilliant and powerful conceptions of Dramatic Genius.

Montgomery, Alabama, May 29.

MARRIAGE EXTRAORDINARY.

Married in this place, on Wednesday morning last, by the Rev. Mr. Cunningham, Mr. Walter B. Wright, to Miss Pauline Snyder. The happy bride is the lady to whom dame Nature has so niggardly denied the common appendage of a pair of arms, and who has been exhibited in the United States as a curiosity in consequence of that deformity. Madame Fortune, blind as she is said to be, has treated her more kindly, and bestowed a lover and husband to the armless lady, whilst many an ivory arm and lily hand is extended in vain by others, whose youth and bloom the fickle goddess suffers to pine and fade away in fated withering celibacy.

Sufferings from Insanity.—The New Hampshire Patriot, in urging the necessity for erecting a State Hospital for insane persons, enumerates the following instance of horrible suffering:

"It was officially communicated to our Legislature three years ago, that seventy-six deranged persons were known to be in close confinement in New Hampshire, and returns from all the towns were not received, and others were erroneous. Some of them were reported to be in chains or cages, made for their confinement; some of them in out buildings, garrets or cells of private houses; some in county jails, shut up with felons and criminals of every description; some in alms-houses, in which cells never warmed by fire or lighted by the rays of the sun. One insane woman, who had wandered from her friends, was reported to have been confined in one of our jails in winter, and without fire. From the severity [illegible] so much dreaded, that it was considered necessary to amputate them at the ancle, which was accordingly done, and the woman afterwards restored to her friends in this mutilated condition. Another female was confined in a garret, where from the lowness of the roof and her consequently constrained position, she grew double, and is now obliged to walk with her hands as well as feet on the floor. A man was reported to have been confined for years in a cellar, nearly naked, with a bed of wet straw for his couch, and there to have passed away in lonely wretchedness and want, unnoticed and unlamented."

The *Courrier des Etats Unis* extracts from a French paper a very curious historical document which goes to prove that nearly two hundred years ago a man was confined in a mad house for having had the genius to discover the power of steam. The document is in the form of a letter, dated Paris 1644, from a French gentleman to his friend in the country, in which the writer describes his doing the honors of Paris to an English Marquis of Worcester, represented as a man of strong and original mind. Among other places, they visited together the lunatic asylum at Bicetre, where their attention was attracted by a man "crying out to them—"I am not mad: I have made a discovery, which will enrich the country that shall apply it." On being asked what it was, he said, shrugging up his shoulders, "Ah! *it is* something very simple,—you would never guess what it is!" it is the employment of the steam of boiling water." The keeper said that his name was Solomon de Caus. He came from Normandy four years before, in order to present to the King a memoir on the wonderful results that might be obtained through his invention. To listen to him, one would think that machinery and carriages could be set in motion by steam. Cardinal Richelieu dismissed him without a hearing. De Caus, however, continued to repeat his applications, until the Cardinal, tired of being constantly beset by him and importuned "by his nonsense," ordered him to be confined in the lunatic hospital at Bicetre. He had written a book on the subject, and the Marquis of Worcester, after examining it said—"this man is not mad, and in my country, instead of being confined, he would have been loaded with wealth." On conversing with him, the Marquis said, that he was now deranged, but that he had been rendered so by captivity and suffering.

Such is the substance of this letter, which is another instance added to many which prove that when a man is much beyond his age, he is more liable to receive persecution than honor. The great discoveries and improvers among men have generally been neglected, despised, imprisoned or put to death by their contemporaries.

Curious Fish Pond.—At Port Newark, in Wigtonshire, a large salt water pond has been formed for coal. It is a basin of 30 feet in depth and 160 in circumference, hewn out of the solid rock, and communicating with the sea by one of those fissures which are common to bold and precipitous coasts. Attached to it is a neat gothic cottage for the accommodation of the fishermen, and the rock is surrounded all round by a substantial stone wall, 300 feet in circumference. From the inner or back door of the lodge a winding stair case conducts to the usual bathing place, a large flat stone, projecting into the water, and commanding a view of every part of the aquatic prison. When the tide is out the stone is left completely dry, and here a stranger perceived with surprise a hundred crabs simultaneously opened to greet his arrival. The moment the fisherman enters his threshold the pond is agitated by the action of some hundred fins, and otherwise thrown into a state of anarchy and confusion. During from this, that, and the other corner, the whole population move as it were to a common centre, elevate their snouts, lash their tails, and jostle one another with such violence, that on a first view they actually seem to be meditating an attack on the poor fisherman in place of the cruel bill of inspect he carries. Many of the fish are so tame that they will feed greedily from the hand; while again others are so shy that the fisherman frequently discovers of their different tempers as a thing quite as palpable as the fins they move by. One gigantic cod, which answers to the name of "Tom," is considered as the patriarch of the pond, and lords it among attention. This unfortunate, who passed his youth in the open sea, was the first prisoner in Port Nessock pond, and till within the last six months of its sojourn he has gradually increased in bulk and weight. He is now wholly blind, from age, or disease, and has no chance whatever in the general scramble. The fishermen, however, is very kind to him; and it is affecting as well as curious to see the huge animal raise himself in the water, and rest his head on the flat stone, allow himself to be gently patted or stroked, gaping all the while to implore that food which he has no other means of obtaining. Cod is the prevailing species in this pond; there are also haddocks, flounders and various other kinds.—*Scotch Paper.*

Superstition.—Both the town and abbey of St. Gall carry a bear in their arms. The catholics hold the memory of this bear in great veneration, and represent him as the first convert made by their saint in this country. One of the most learned of the Benedictine monks, with tears in his eyes, told me that St. Gall, when he here called the great apostle of Germany, found this country little better than a vast desert; and as he was walking out one very cold day, he met a bear, who, instead of being alarmed at the savage beast, he ordered it to bring him a bundle of wood, and to make a fire to warm him. The bear politely served him to the best of his ability, and at his departure, the saint ordered him to reside into the mountains of the wood, and never more to injure man or beast. From this time, added the monk, the bear lived irreproachably, and till his dying day, observed the injunctions of the saint.—*Addison's Travels in Italy, Switzerland.*

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

June 5.—Received from

Safford E. Hale,	$1 50
Rich'd Marsh, Esq.	2 00
Cæsar Keeler, Esq.	5 00
M. K. Ryan, Esq.	3 00
J. Dunland, Esq.	10 00
James Kelton, Esq.	2 00
A. White, Esq.	5 00
Cyrus Butler,	10 00
James B. Hart, nett	1 75
B. L. Long, and	4 50
W. & W. Sims, nett	

June 6.

Gilbert Sherer,	20 00
Wm. L. Post, Esq.	2 00
A. Dudley, Esq.	2 00
S. H. Guthrie, nett	1 75
Sidney Dyer,	5 00
James Bacon,	2 00
W. Righter,	3 00
Josiah Bell, Esq.	3 00
Wm. Gunckel, Esq.	2 00
J. G. Dimmitt, Esq.	5 00
Rich'd McClure, Esq.	5 00
I. G. Boxley, Esq. (silver)	1 50

June 8.

John S. Kerr, (nett)	4 50
C. Webb,	2 00
Wm. Rankney, Esq.	5 00
N. Waller, Esq.	2 00
C. W. Clarke, Esq.	2 50
Cæsar Keeler, Esq.	1 00
Oliver Hamlin, Esq.	2 00

Received from

Geo. Redington, Esq.	2 00
E. W. Reynolds, Esq.	1 00

June 9.

James Crum,	2 00
Homer Earle, Esq.	2 00
Zeno Allen, Esq.	5 00
Willard Hill, Esq.	2 00
D. H. Harrison, Esq.	5 00
H. Haynesworth, Esq.	5 00
Wm. G. Carcke, Esq.	2 00

June 10.

Alfred Langley,	5 00
Jas. P. M'Crew,	5 00
T. Fisher, Esq.	5 00
S. Branch, Esq.	1 00
Joseph Haines, Esq.	4 00
G. N. Skinner, Esq.	2 00
A. Porter, Esq.	2 00

June 11.

F. H. Hudson,	5 00
John Coskery,	40 00
Wm. Morrison,	5 00
Wm. Andress,	3 00
J. L. Shelby, M. D.	10 00
Mary H. Howard,	2 00
S. S. B. Fields,	2 00
C. P. Starkey, Esq.	5 00
L. Vanbrunkirk, Esq.	2 00
Edwin Draper, Esq.	10 00
Benj. Mackall, Esq.	5 00
A. H. Sample, Esq.	2 00
B. W. Bostwick, Esq.	1 00

STOCK EXCHANGE.

Sales of Stocks at the Stock and Exchange Board, on Monday, June 8th.

			par value.
150	shares	Kentucky Bank,	33½ 30
200	do.	Northern Bank, Ky.	9 5
150	do.	New Hope Bagking Co.	12½ 10
	$5600	Union Canal 6's 1836,	100½ 100
450	do.	Norristown Rail-Road,	56 50
37	do.	Valley Rail Road,	6½ 5
975	do.	Del. & Hudson Canal,	108½109 100
100	do.	Farmers Bank, Tennessee,	54½ 50
95	do.	Schuylkill Bank,	60 50

Tuesday, June 9.

69	do.	United States Bank,	113 100
198	do.	Schuylkill Navigs. Co.	11½ 50
300	do.	Norristown Rail-Road,	55x55½ 50
2	do.	Commercial Bank,	68½ 50
1	do.	Bank of N. America,	404 400
243	do.	Mechanics' Bank,	67 35
60	do.	Manu. and Mech. Bank	66½ 50
34	do.	Girard Bank,	65½ 50
50	do.	Com. Bank Cincinnati,	110½ 100
5	do.	Farmers & Mech. Bank,	68 50
86	do.	Inland Fire Insur. Co.	7½ 5
50	do.	Reading Rail-Road,	5x 5
300	do.	Wilmington Rail-Road,	6x6½ 5
50	do.	Beaver Meadow, R. R.	48 45
500	do.	Del. & Hudson Co. Co.	108½109 100

Wednesday, June 10.

100	do.	Philad. Savings Institu.	14 5
20	do.	Valley Rail-Road,	6½ 5
460	do.	Wilmington Rail-Road,	5½x5½ 5
150	do.	Farmers' Bank, Tenn.	34½ 40
100	do.	Penn Township Bank,	7½ 50
12	do.	Pennsylvania Bank,	53½x53½ 400
600	do.	Kentucky Bank,	33½ 30
10	do.	New Orleans Canal,	11½ 100
10	do.	Com. Bank Cincinnati,	110½ 100
56	do.	Girard Bank,	65½x65½ 50
41	do.	Manufac. Bank Pittsb'g,	60½ 50
24	do.	Beaver Meadow Rail-Road,	47½ 45
150	do.	Schuylkill Bank,	60 50
500	do.	Merchants' Bank, Baltimore,	18 10
175	do.	Pet. and Hudson C. C.	108½ 100
70	do.	New Castle Rail-Road,	37½x37½ 25
60	do.	Manufacturers Bank,	67 50

The Common Council of New York, has appropriated $2000 towards the expenses of a suitable celebration of the 4th of July.

The wood sawyers of this city, made a strike for higher wages on Thursday last. We live in *striking* times.

We have been favored by Mr. Fessenden, with several more numbers of the Republic of Letters. They contain the conclusion of the Diary of an Invalid, Goldsmith's Deserted Village, Belisarius, Pope's Essay on Man, and Lord Bacon's Apophthegms—all works of standard value.

SAM PATCHING.

We understand that the young man who was to perform the feat of jumping from a great height into the Schuylkill on Thursday, fully satisfied the expectations which he had excited. He leaped from

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That gives it all its flavour.

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But ah! they won't relent;
It is no fault of mine, dear Bob—
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I've tried a score of girls or more,
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I'm sure I've done my best, dear Bob,
To get myself a rib;
So often has my heart been scorch'd
It now is like a squib;
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Will smile and blush till I propose—
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I've put myself in martial trim—
I join'd the "City Blues;"
I scoured my sword, and boasted how
I'd fight the "Paris Vaus;"—
I've pictured to them how I'd feel
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So far from here—the foe so near—
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I threw aside my books, and kept
Most gloriously mellow;
For I was told the girls preferred
A gay and dashing fellow;
My champaign bill at Major Pea's
Just paid the major's rent;
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Miss Ann Letitia Vale
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And left myself grop pale:
I really thought I should be blest,
That Ann would now relent;
But no! 'twas only wine she'd take—
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I have but little time to lose—
I'm almost twenty-eight;
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Before and after Dinner.—Look at the same man before and after swallowing a good dinner. In the first case (if hungry) he is cross, peevish, irritable, anarin at every body and every thing, puts questions and gives answers in the most captious tones, and is ready to knock any one down that says to him nay on any one point. But as his stomach becomes filled with the good things of life, his eye beams mildly, the storm clears from his brow, and the black cloud gives gradual place to calm sunshine in his countenance. His face is the index of his mind; his wit sharpens, he is the idol of conversation and mirth, his soul expands in generosity to all mankind, his purse and his sympathies are open to them, and as he finishes his meal he is pleased with himself and the whole human race. Lord Bacon very beautifully calls the stomach the father of the family.—*Kidgour's Lectures.*

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Short Sermon.—"Be sober, grave, temperate." Titus, ii. 2. 1. There are three companions with whom you should always keep on good terms—us, Your Wife. 2d, Your Stomach. 3d, Your Conscience. 2. If you wish to enjoy peace, long life, and happiness, preserve them by temperance; intemperance produces—1st, Domestic Misery. 2d, Premature Death. 3d, Infidelity. To make these points clear, I refer you—1st, To the Newgate Calendar. 2d, To the Hospitals, &c. To the Lunatic Asylums, and Work-houses. 3d. To the pen of experience of what you have seen, read, and suffered experience of what you have seen, read, and suffered experience is what feeds the stomach the father of the family.—*Kidgour's Lectures.*

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"Umph," said our hero, shrugging his shoulders as he went to his seat, "I would'nt come though it you'd give me two."—*Norfolk Adv.*

A countryman purchased some meal at the store of a jocose trader the other day, which was put into bags, and, as it was not convenient for him to take it away at once, left it in the store till the next morning. In the morning he called and finding that the rats had gnawed sundry holes and abstracted some of the contents of the bags he asked for an abatement of the price. "Oh no, sir, said the trader, I can't think of that, because the bargain was made last night, and according to your own account has since been *ratified*."

CHEAPENING GOODS.—There are many persons so niggardly, so tenacious of the uttermost farthing, or so habituated to look for bargains in every thing they buy, that if they have but a sixpenny purchase to make, they will travel from one end of the city to the other cheapening the article, and lose more time and wear out more shoe-leather than twenty such purchases are worth. Indeed, some persons are such prodigious sticklers at a bargain, that if the price of an article be but a cent, they will want it for half a one; and if it be half a cent, they will want it for two mills and a half.

One of these persons, who may be called a cheapener of goods *par. excellence*, the other day, being in want of a yard of tape, called at a store and asked the price.

"One cent," was the reply.

"One cent!" echoed the bargainer—"seems to me that's rather high. Wont you take less?"

"Less than a cent for a yard of tape?"

"Yes, seems to me you might take half a cent. You'll make quite profit enough then."

"Well take it at your own price; but you must make the change."

"That I can do, as I keep a few half cents about me on purpose for such occasions, that I paid a penny a piece for. But I'm in hopes on the whole I can get the tape a little lower. Is that the very lowest you'll take for it?"

"I'll take any price that you can make the even change for."

"There's the plague on't now—I haint got nothing less than a half cent piece. I do wish, when they're quining eagles, and dollars, and such-like they'd quine a few quarter cent pieces, mid pieces, and so on, downwards. Howsomever, I'll inquire at the other stores, and if I can't get the tape so cheaper, I'll come back and trade with you, as you seem to be a civil-like sort of a fellow."

So saying, the bargainer went about to twenty or thirty other stores, cheapening the yard of tape, until being satisfied he could do no better, he came back to the first, resolved to complete his purchase.

"Well, master," said he, as he came in, puffing and blowing like a porpoise, "I've been most all over the city, and find you're the most reasonable dealer of any on 'em. I'll take the yard of tape now, at a quarter of a cent, if you'll change me sixpence."

"That's more than I bargained for. I told you I'd take any price that you'd make the even change for."

"You consider now, you get a customer by being so kind of clever and obliging. If you'd change me a sixpence, I'll take the tape, and perhaps trade with you often."

"Thank you, sir"—with a profound bow, and beginning to measure the tape.

"Give me as wide as any you've got, and let me have good measure."

"It shall be done, sir"—with another bow.

The tape is cut off, and wrapped up, when the purchaser, beginning to fumble for his money, exclaims—"I say, now, I don't much like to change off silver for copper. Wont you let me have the tape for nothing? Tis'nt no great thing for you to lose—and then you'll get all my custom, you see."

"Any way to accommodate"—bowing more profoundly than ever.

"Thank you sir," said the customer, taking his tape and departing, well satisfied with his bargain—"there aint a more reasonable dealer in New York than you, and whatever I want in your line, I'll be sure to come here for."—*N. Y. Transcript.*

Short Sermon.—"Be sober, grave, temperate." Titus, ii. 2. 1. There are three companions with whom you should always keep on good terms—us, Your Wife. 2d, Your Stomach. 3d, Your Conscience. 2. If you wish to enjoy peace, long life, and happiness, preserve them by temperance; intemperance produces—1st, Domestic Misery. 2d, Premature Death. 3d, Infidelity. To make these points clear, I refer you—1st, To the Newgate Calendar. 2d, To the Hospitals, &c. To the Lunatic Asylums, and Work-houses. 3d. To the pen of experience of what you have seen, read, and suffered experience is what feeds the stomach the father of the family.—*Kidgour's Lectures.*

From the London New Monthly Magazine.

I CAN'T DECIDE.

I cant' decide, I can't decide
And know not what to do;
I'm so perplex'd, and teazed, and tried,
Between by suitors, two.
The charms of each I fairly scan,
I weigh their merits well;
But which must be the happy man
Is more than I can tell.

I ponder on't, but cannot see
Which way the odds incline;
Sir William, he is twenty-three,
Sir Paul is sixty-nine.
'Tis three to one in point of age,
And that's a difference wide;
But hear me out, and I'll engage
You'll say I can't decide.

I've thought it o'er from week to week;
The odds may thus be told—
Sir William has a blooming cheek,
Sir Paul has bags of gold;
Sir William's fair, well-shaped and tall,
He has my heart 'tis clear;
But there's pin money with Sir Paul,
Three thousand pounds a year.

My choice unfix'd between them floats;
With equal claims they stand;
This has a hand at tender notes,
That tender notes of hand.
On either side they rise to view,
'Tis quite perplexing still;
Here I see many a *billet doux*,
There dues on many a bill.

Sir William is a charming youth—
So well he plays and sings:
And then he vows eternal truth,
And says such tender things.
Sir Paul's a dull old stupid bore—
The truth can't be denied—
But who'd refuse a coach and four?
Indeed I can't decide.

I can't decide—but hark! I hear
Sir Paul, as I'm alive!
"*I wish three thousand pounds a year,*
But now I'll make it five."
Five thousand pounds! my stars! the die
Is cast, and I'm your bride!
Fate has ordain'd it; so I'll cry
No more "I cant decide!"

Good Advice for a Dinner.—A gentleman, humbly clad in a cursacy-coat, one day entered Wood's Hotel, Clare Market, and ordered a sort of dinner lunch in the shape of unlimited mutton chops and potatoes to correspond; not forgetting suitable fluids, porter, brandy, &c. All these things disposed of, the gentleman called the waiter, and thus addressed him: "My friend, I have fared sumptuously! good house, this—capital chops—porter admirable—brandy exquisite! Slight difficulty, however—haven't a shilling about me!—Awkward, rather, 'tis true; perhaps not of much consequence till to-morrow?" "Why, sir," quoth the waiter, with the much more easily conceived than expressed exaltation of eye-brows; "Why, sir, I'll call master." Master was accordingly called. He came—bowed—remonstrated—complained—but never threatened. The gentleman, moved by such forbearance, said, "I think that I may be of service to you. I could tell you of a plan which, if properly pursued, would be productive of the happiest results to you, not only in the way of general business, but also as regards your personal comfort. Pray be seated; I can't bear to see you stand; indeed, if I were not so embarrassingly situated, I should insist on your taking a glass of wine with me. However, perhaps you'll agree with the proverb—"In for a penny, in for a pound," so pray bring a bottle of your best port, and a wine glass for yourself and we'll talk over this matter. I don't think you'll see cause to regret making my acquaintance." The obliging landlord smiled and complied; and after following the course given to the conversation by the stranger for some half hour, all the while awaiting the promised development of the plan, he perceived that the said stranger was, to use a familiar expression, "button-ing up Lra bah," and making the best of his way to the door. "But, sir," exclaimed Wood, "you promised to let me into a secret of some consequence, and you have not said a word about it." "Bless me!" and the gentleman, with his hand on the door, "that's very true—so I did. Very glad you mentioned it! The fact is, we are all liable to misfortune; and if ever you are sent to the treadmill, take the step nearest to the wall; you'll find it by far the easiest part of the wheel.—Good evening. You'll hear from me in a day or so." Strange to say the diner has not been heard of since.—[*Fraser's Magazine for April.*

FAMOUS MILAN CATHEDRAL.—The famous cathedral, *nearly completed by Napoleon*, is a sort of Aladdin creation, quite too delicate and beautiful for the open air. The filmy treacheries of gothic fretwork, the needle like minarets, the hundreds of statues with which it was studded, the intricate, graceful, and bewildered architecture of every window and turrent, and the frost-like fraidness and delicacy of the white mass, make an effect altogether upon the eye that must stand high on the list of new sensations. It is a vast structure withal, but a middling easterly breeze, one would think in looking at it, would lift it from its base and bear it over the Atlantic like the meshes of a cobweb. Neither interior nor exterior impress you with the feeling of awe common to other large churches. The sun struggles through the immense windows of painted glass, staining every pillar and carved cornice with the richest hues, and wherever the eye wanders it grows giddy with the wilderness of architecture. The people on their knees are like paintings in a strong artificial light, the checked pavement seems trembling with a quivering radiance, the altar is far and indistinct, and the lamps burning over the tomb of Saint Carlo, shine out from the centre like gems in the midst of some enchanted hall. This reads very like rhapsody, but it is the way the place impressed me. It is like a great dream. Its excessive beauty scarce seems constant while the eye rests upon it.—*N. P. Willis.*

DREAMING.—A portion of Abercrombie's admirable work on Intellectual powers, relates to the subject of dreaming. He explains many of the cases given in a very philosophical manner—but admits that the following, the truth of which he states may be relied upon in all its particulars, cannot on any principle, be accounted for. It must certainly be allowed to be one of the most remarkable cases of the kind on record.

Two ladies, sisters, had been for several days in attendance upon their brother, who was ill of a common sore throat, severe and protracted, but not considered as attended with any danger. At the same time, one of them had borrowed a watch from a female friend, in consequence of her own being under repair; this watch was one to which particular value was attached on account of some family associations, and some anxiety was expressed that it might not meet with any injury.

The sisters were sleeping together in a room communicating with that of their brother, when the elder of them awoke in a state of great agitation, and having roused the other, told her that she had a frightful dream. I dreamed (she said) that Mary's watch stopped; and that, when I told you of the circumstance, you replied much worse than that has happened, for ——'s breath has stopped also"—naming her brother, who was ill. To quiet her agitation, the younger sister immediately got up, and found the brother sleeping quietly, and the watch, which had been carefully put in a drawer, going correctly. The following night the very same dream occurred followed by similar agitation, which was again composed in the same manner—the brother being again found in a quiet sleep, and the watch going well. On the following morning, soon after the family had breakfasted, one of the sisters was sitting by her brother, while the other was writing a note in the adjoining room. When her note was ready for being sealed, she proceeded to take out, for this purpose, the watch alluded to, which had been put in her writing desk; she was astonished to find it had stopped. At the same instant she heard a scream of intense distress from her sister in the other room—their brother, who had still been considered as going on favourably, had been seized with a sudden fit of suffocation, and had just breathed his last.

CONFUSION OF TERMS.—A few days ago, the sitting magistrate at the New Bailey, on a charge of felony being preferred before him, asked the injured party, an old woman, what her complaint was? Dropping a courtesy, she responded "*Rheumatic*, yer honour."—Varying the terms of the question to another complainant, also an old woman, "What is your charge?" She replied, "Seven or eight shillings, I don't know which, yer honour."—The complaints in Irish rows, it asked, as the most likely way of getting an answer, "What have you to say against the prisoner?" almost invariably respond by repeating the question, and tacking to it in reply, "A great deal, your worship!"

THRILLING SCENE.

Captain Cham er, in his last novel—"The most Unfortunate Man in the World"—describes the following butchery of an English crew that actually befel the St. Helena schooner, when taken by the Spanish pirates. The narrator, then a lad, with Waters, a sailor, was providentially concealed in the manioc; from whence they watched the progress of the pirates on deck as they proceeded in the work of cold blooded murder:

"I saw one remaining Spaniard, who was left dead on the deck; and I beheld one of our men—it was the cooper—goaded on at the point of the pirates' daggers to where the corpse was lying; they lifted the the dead to an erect position, and embolding the luck of our man in the soft supple arms of the Spaniard, lashed the hands of the cooper around the back of the Spaniard, and goading the victim with their swords, shouting a maddening yell; they laughing and singing as they turned them around, they conveyed the unresisting cooper to the gangway, and calling out, "Abos, amigo, mio," pushed him towards the side; his foot caught a coil of rope, which in the scuffle had been kicked to that situation, the balance was lost, and the living and the dead fell head foremost into the ocean. Not a cloud darkened the sun when such a ruffian murder was committed; no thunder reared, to manifest God's awful displeasure at the infernal deed; but a shout of joy followed the consummation of the act, and a hellish laugh was the burial service of the dead.

I looked up at Waters; his blanched face, his pale lips, his trembling figure, indicated his worst apprehensions; he did not dare articulate a word, but kept his trembling finger on his mouth, to warn me of my danger, and the necessity of silence. It was now a dead calm; and the sun went down in all its glory, as it is smiled upon the deed; there was scarcely a cloud to darken the heavens, and already in the east, the stars had begun to shine; above us all was still and hushed, all nature seemed to smile; below, the drunken riots of the murderous pirates broke the silence of the evening, and the ineffectual struggle of some of our men, as they resisted the endeavors of the Spaniards to force them on deck, was the prelude to other deeds of murder.

Two more victims were brought up and lashed together; these were tied back to back; one seemed anxious to close his career and jump overboard; the other, still clinging to the remnant of a miserable existence, or hated I am his numerous crimes to merit his fate, strenuously opposed the efforts of his comrade. The Spaniards laughed at the struggle; and as either party came near, wounded them with their swords, and goaded them towards the gangway; at last he that was most resolute gave a sudden plunge, and both were in the water. Then it was that the diabolical feelings of the pirates were most excited; both end averred to swim, and for a few minutes they succeeded; but as they neared the ship, the rope which an apparently friendly hand has offered to their succor was withdrawn, or only the vest end allowed to touch their hands, when it was jerked from their hold, and they were again left to the grave—into which they ultimately descended, after a more than human exertion to cling to the faithless succor.

The next that was brought on deck was Captain Smith. His son leaped up immediately and clung to him with all the strong hold of affection. The Captain knew his end was come, and looked at the Captain of the felucca, who had nearly fallen under his arm, and who was now unconcernedly smoking a segar, appealing for pity in regard to his son; as for himself, he seemed quite prepared to meet his fate, and approached the gangway with a fearless unconcern. The youth raised his arms round his father's neck, and cried out with all the excited feelings of a boy who could not reconcile himself to inevitable death. "Oh, save me! father!" cried the poor half distracted creature; "save me from these men! what are the ruffians a going to do with us?" At this moment some of the pirates tore young Smith from his father, and walked him to the Captain of the felucca, who running his quick eye over the pale face of the youngster, shook his head, puffed out a long line of the smoke, and on giving a glance at one of his men the youngster was released, and again ran into his father's arms. Smith made no resistance as the pirates lashed his son to him; the affrighted boy screamed most dreadfully, imploring his father to save him for his mother's sake; he endeavored to kneel down, and held his hands, which were left free, in the manner of supplication. The father never shed a tear, but looked undaunted and undismayed; and yet he seemed to linger on the deck, like one who would willingly have lived, if only for his son's sake. The lashing being completed, the pirates, who were anxious to finish their work of destruction, said, 'Via usted condius,' and gave the victims a push towards that ill fated gangway.

"Oh, father! father! stop, stop, stop—only for one minute—father! only for one minute. Oh, look at me! I will not be drowned; oh, my poor mother! oh, save me, save!" This seemed to disconcert the Captain, for he stopped and seemed actually insensible to the pain he must have experienced from the application of a sword; he looked down upon his son's face, and I thought I saw; indistinctly as I could see, a tear fall. His son looked imploringly upon the countenance of his father, his eye seemed to read a hope of escape even when it was most useless and most unpromising. Ah, how long we cling to hope, even when its rainbow has lost its brightest colors! how fondly we cling to the last tint although the eye may see it gradually fading from the view! and fervently, even at death's gaping door, we imagine an escape, and hope glimmers even in the darkest adversity.

The Captain having bent his head forward and kissed the forehead of his son, who was screaming with the worst anticipation, lifted him from the deck, and walking on steadily to the gangway, jumped into the water and sunk to rise no more, but as he fell we heard one loud scream, which the sea of eternity hushed for ever."

RURAL ECONOMIST.

Food of the Silk Worm.—Though the foliage of the mulberry is the natural food of the silk worm, and the only food on which they can make silk, yet there are various other plants, on the leaves of which they will feed and live. The most common are the lettuce, rose, bramble, dandelion, hop, hemp and fig. The two last they will feed upon the leaves of the currant. The worms may therefore be fed with these leaves, when the leaves of the mulberry cannot be had, for the purpose of keeping them alive until they can be procured. It is an object there is a resinous matter in the leaves of the mulberry, which, undergoing a change in the stomach of the worm, enables it to make silk.—*Silk Culturist.*

Stump Lifter.—Mr. Norcross has invented a new machine for lifting out stumps, and we wish many of our farmers would use this or some other, for the purpose of ridding themselves of the multitude of these incumbrances, which are so plenty in all new countries. Did you ever make a calculation how much land you would of course gain by pushing them out?

Mr. Norcross' machine consists of a large screw placed in a large nut, and this nut is affixed to legs like those of a surveyor's compass. These, being sufficiently strong, are placed above the stump, and it is then grappled to the screw by chains or hooks. A large sweep like that used in some old fashioned cider mills, having a nut to fit the screw, is put upon the screw, and horses or oxen hitched on to the other end and the stump elevated by driving round the sweep. A patent is also secured on this, and as we before observed, we hope it will be the means of stirring our farmers who have more stumps in the way than they want, to use this or some other contrivance for *ousting* them.—*Ib.*

New Spinning Wheel.—We examined, the other day, an exceedingly simple contrivance for spinning wool or worsted, or for doing any thing else that is usually done upon the common domestic spinning wheel, invented by Capt. L. Norcross, of Dixfield, Me. The machine is small, light, and portable